

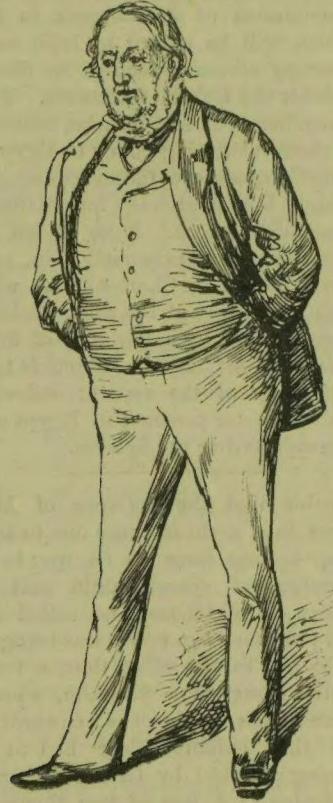
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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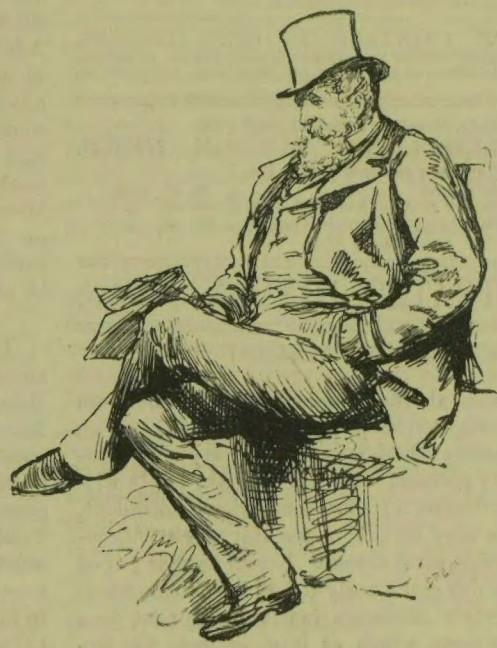
No. 2338.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

WITH SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS }
By Post, 6d.



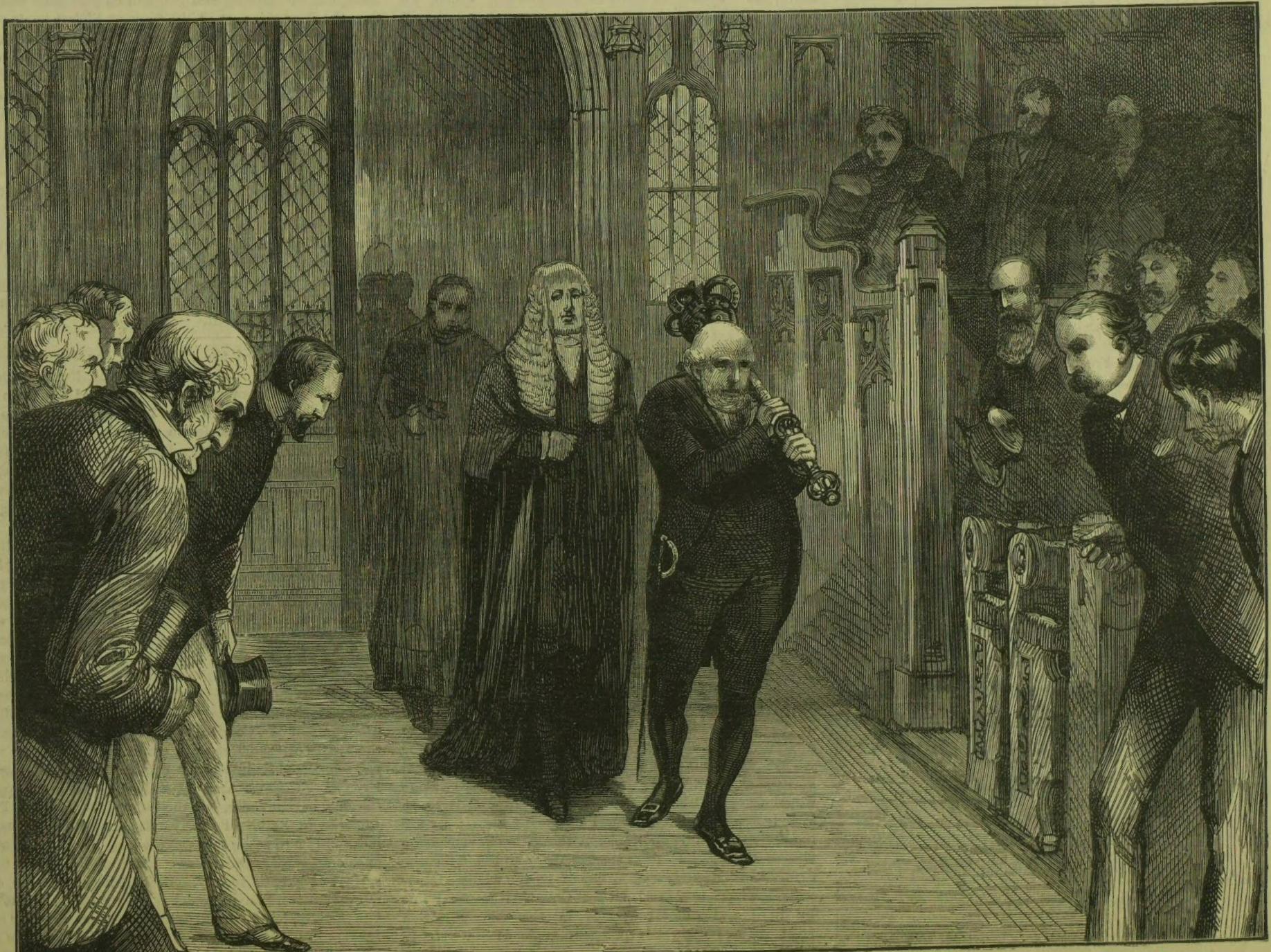
THE HOME SECRETARY.



THE LORD MAYOR.



THE LATE HOME SECRETARY.



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.—"THE SPEAKER COMES!"

BIRTH.

On the 30th ult., at The Grange House, Edinburgh, the wife of Whaley B. Nutt, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 23rd ult., at Norwood-grove, Liverpool, in his 49th year, William Norris, barrister-at-law (late of The Sycamores, Anfield-road, Liverpool).

On the 4th inst., at his residence, 20, High-street, Camden Town. Henry Travis, M.D., aged 77, after a long and painful illness. Deeply regretted.

On Dec. 18 last, at St. Catharine's Hall, Blackgang, I.W., Colonel Johnston Hamilton, late of the Madras Army, in the 89th year of his age.

On the 24th ult., at Malaga, Spain, George Hodgson, merchant, of that place, son of the late Jeremiah Hodgson, Esq., Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy, London, in his 72nd year.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEB. 16.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10.

Septuagesima. Marriage of the Queen, 1840. Morning Lessons: Gen. i. and ii. 1-4; Rev. xxi. 1-9. Evening Lessons: Gen. ii. 4, or Job xxxviii.; Rev. xxi. 9-xii. 6. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Preliminary Kempe, 3.15 p.m., Bishop Liers Claughton; 7 p.m., Dr. Goulbourn, Dean of Norwich. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., the Bishop of Sydney, Dr. Barry; 3 p.m., St. James's, noon, Rev. E. W. Kempe. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. R. Appleton. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. Preliminary Stanley Leathes.

MONDAY, FEB. 11.

Full moon, 4.48 a.m. Geographical Society, 8 p.m. Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m. Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Mr. T. Bolas on Photo-Mechanical Printing. London Institution, 5 p.m., Professor Ruskin on the Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century (repetition). Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m., General Sir F. J. Goldsmid and Mr. D. Morgan on the Congo.

TUESDAY, FEB. 12.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. A. Geikie on the Origin of the Scenery of the British Isles. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dr. Symes Thompson on Physic (four days). Horticultural Society, anniversary, 3 p.m. Photographic Society, anniversary, 8. Royal Colonial Institute, St. James's Banqueting Hall, 8 p.m., Mr. R. M. Smith on the Australasian Dominion.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Latt. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.				WIND.			
	Burometer Corrected.	Temperature of the air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	Movement in 24 hours.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M.	next morning.
Feb. January	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°	Miles.	In.	In.	0'00*	
27	29°150	363	28°6	76	7	44°1	34°1	W.	508	0'01*		
28	29°737	395	28°8	69	2	43°9	35°1	W. WSW.	383	0'15		
29	29°769	49°7	46°3	89	8	54°2	37°7	ESE. WSW.	343	0'20		
30	29°888	49°7	44°2	84	10	54°0	45°5	SW.	423	0'220		
31	29°684	49°3	46°6	91	10	50°8	44°0	SE. SSW.	389	0'210		
1	29°335	44°8	39°4	83	6	51°1	44°3	SW. SSW.	489	0'350		
2	30°057	37°1	25°9	67	5	46°3	34°5	SE. NNE.	477	0'000		

* Snow.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—

Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29°136 29°588 29°749 21°828 29°788 29°434 29°906

Temperature of Air .. 35°4° 38°7° 50°1° 52°6° 49°8° 46°6° 39°8°

Temperature of Evaporation .. 33°1° 35°0° 49°3° 51°2° 48°5° 43°3° 37°0°

Direction of Wind .. WSW. W. WSW. SW. SW. ENE.

Wind force .. 5 6 5 6 5 6 5

Wind direction .. 135 180 240 267 317 335 322

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ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Laertius, was a little wearish old man," very melancholy by nature. He lived in a garden in the suburbs of Abdera (the foolishest city of Thrace), "wholly betaking himself to his studies, and a private life; saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven and laugh heartily at such ridiculous objects which there he saw." He was *ductus sermones utriusque lingue*; a general scholar, a great student; "had writ of every subject; a man of an excellent wit, profound conceit." He settled at Abdera, "and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, recorder, or town clerk, as some will." Such a one was Democritus. Nature does not always break the die in which she moulds scholars and wits. She has not repeated Sheridan; she has not repeated Rabelais (Sterne is a spurious copy of a grand original); but she has twice repeated Democritus—once in Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy"; and again in Mr. Abraham Hayward. Q.C., who, at the age of eighty-two, has just died.

Something was there, also, in the "little wearish old man," whose "garden in the suburbs" was represented by chambers in St. James's-street, and whose legal status was not that of recorder or town clerk, but of a Queen's Counsel, that reminded you of St. Evremond, as he lives in his correspondence with the Duchesse de Mazarin, and of Swift's Darteneuf, "the man who knew everybody." And there was certainly much in Mr. Abraham Hayward to remind you of what you had read about Fontenelle, the philosopher and poet, of wit so subtle, that when Madame d'Argenton, mother of the Grand Prior of France, happened, at the Regent Orleans' supper table, to utter an exceptionally good *bon mot* she exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment. "Ah! Fontenelle, why art thou not here?"

Mr. Hayward belonged by temperament and culture to France, and to the eighteenth century—to the epoch when the great ladies were as learned and witty as the poets and philosophers who crowded their saloons, and when such slight defects as hatred and envy, malice and uncharitableness were veiled under the most unruffled amenity and the most exquisite politeness. I don't say that Mr. Hayward was either spiteful or envious, or uncharitable. But he lived in Abdera writ very large indeed; and "sometimes he would walk down to the haven to laugh heartily at such ridiculous objects which there he saw." There is plenty to laugh at in Abdera writ large; and Mr. Abraham Hayward, Q.C., had been laughing *sous cape* in the haven of London Society for more than sixty years.

I can see now the "little wearish old man" sitting by preference on the lowest chair or settee that he could find in the drawing-room, and, in the quietest of voices, enchanting the company with his marvellous stores of story and anecdote. I never heard Macaulay talk; I never heard Sydney Smith, of whom M. Guizot said, in 1839, that the company laughed while he was speaking, after he had spoken, and before he spoke. But what a trio Macaulay, Sydney Smith, and Hayward must have made at a London dinner table forty years syne!

Old enough to have known Byron, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Bowles, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Hayward seems to have had yet another singularly distinguished literary and philosophic acquaintance. He must have known Jeremy Bentham. He must have been on terms of some intimacy with a man who was born only three years after the rebellion of 1745. At Brighton, last summer, I picked up an odd volume (and, to my mortification, I have since mislaid it) of "La Revue de Paris," published a little more than fifty years ago: and therein I found an article entitled "Un Diner chez Jeremy Bentham," written by some German savant, whose name, as I failed to note it at the time, has wholly escaped me.

The *savant* had paid a visit to London; and one morning there walked into his room "M. Abraham Hayward, traducteur du 'Faust' de Goethe," who was the bearer of an invitation to the learned Teuton to dine with Jeremy Bentham at his house in Queen-square Place, Westminster. The *savant* accepted the invite; but, pleading his strangeness to London and his ignorance of its topography, asked his visitor if he would be so kind, on the day and at the hour appointed, to call on him and conduct him to Mr. Bentham's residence. This Mr. Hayward did; but on arriving at the house of the sage in Queen-square Place, the translator of "Faust" shook the *savant* by the hand, and bade him farewell. "You see," he added, observing the look of astonishment in the foreign gentleman's countenance, "Mr. Bentham did not ask me to dinner. He only told me to ask you." A philosopher indeed, to have disciples so docile.

The dinner (it must have taken place about 1831, Bentham died in 1832) must have been curiously interesting. There were not more than four guests, including the philosopher's secretary. The banqueting-hall was Bentham's library, at one end of which was a high platform reached by a flight of steps; and on this platform—I hope it had a railing—dinner was served. The subsequent conversation was wonderful. If I can find the odd volume of the "Revue de Paris" I will make a magazine article some day out of that philosophic dinner in Queen-square Place, Westminster.

A correspondent writes from Guernsey, in Spanish: "Muy Señor mio. Veo en el ultimo discurso de Don Josef Chamberlain a Birmingham la palabra 'jerrymander';" and he continues, always in Castilian, to express his inability to discover, by means of the English dictionaries accessible to him, what "jerrymander," or "jerrymandering," may mean. I have looked into "The Slang Dictionary" (Chatto and Windus), and find "jerry-go-nimble," "Jerry Lynch," "jerry shop," and "Jerry Sneak" (why is "jerry-building" omitted?), but I cannot find "jerrymander." Nor is it in Professor Scheele de Vere's "Americanisms." To be sure, I have only the 1872 edition of "The English of the New World," and since that period some additional hundreds of slang words may have

been imported into transatlantic speech. Perhaps, after all, "jerrymander" may be one of the flowers of the "Caucasian" language.

"Ride" versus "drive." All that I can say to "An Irish-woman" (and that is said in mere courtesy, since she does not favour me with her name) who writes me a note covering four pages, defiant of all dictionaries, and maintaining that one cannot "ride" in a hansom, is to inform her that "ride" is not derived from "bestride," and does not express the act of bestriding (Noah's ark rode on the waters, but that celebrated craft scarcely had two legs), and that the root of "ride" is the Anglo-Saxon "ridan." "Road," "rajd," and "ready" are from the same stem. On the other hand, "An Englishman" (Bath), who does give his name, is, I cannot help thinking, prematurely exultant over my North British correspondent's mistake, when he says that it was a Scotch tobacconist who, having made a fortune, set up his carriage, and as a motto for the panels thereof adopted "Quid Rides"? Was not the fortunate and witty tobacconist a Dublin tradesman? Of course I may be wrong; but such is my impression.

There would appear to have been strange "goings on" on the beach near Rottingdean lately. Abundant wreckage, supposed to be from the ill-fated steam-ship Simla, had been cast up on the shore between Blackrock and Seaford, and the beach on Thursday and Friday last week was strewn with miscellaneous débris, including casks of sherry and barrels of Burton ale. There were not enough Coast Guardsmen about to keep order; and a number of rough men and boys contrived to broach the casks, and swill wine and beer until they became helplessly intoxicated. One man who was left in a tipsy sleep under an oat-stack, where he remained all night, has since died from the effects of alcohol and exposure.

The occurrence is a sufficiently shocking one, no doubt, and it has been extensively placarded in the contents-bills of the newspapers as "Humiliating Spectacle," "Disgusting Orgies," "Horrible Scenes at a Wreck," and so forth. It is all that, and more; but similar outbreaks of lawlessness have happened before now, and I am afraid that they will happen again so long as there are ignorant and greedy people in the world. The Rottingdean escapade, looked at in its very worst aspect, was but a feeble imitation of the appalling scenes which took place in London during the "No Popery Riots" of 1780, when the mob broke into the vaults of Mr. Langdale, a Catholic distiller, on Holborn-hill; set the spirit-casks abroach; got as drunk as Circe's swine; and their accomplices above stairs, having set the premises on fire, perished by scores in the flames.

There was another debauch of the same kind, at Bristol, during the "Reform" riots of 1831. The populace stormed the Mansion House; wrecked the cellars; drank, wasted, or stole one hundred dozen of wines of the finest quality (the next day wine was being sold in the street at twopence a bottle); and, the Mansion House having been set ablaze, many of the toppers were burned alive. Notwithstanding the scandalous scene at Blackrock, I cannot believe that outrages such as those which disgraced London in 1780 and Bristol in 1831 would be possible nowadays.

I cannot believe it, after reading a modest little pamphlet called "Down in the Depths of Outcast London: Being Facts not recorded in the 'Bitter Cry'" (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), which has just been issued by the committee of the London City Mission. This small tome is full of most comfortable and hopeful information, quietly and clearly conveyed; and I recommend it to the notice of all public persons who are in the habit of "orating" against intemperance, and whose oratory occasionally induces in my mind the impression that they think that three fourths of the population of the metropolis get tipsy six days a week and have *delirium tremens* on Sunday.

The compiler of the book shows, conclusively, that not only have slums and consequent overcrowding and disease largely decreased in London; but that there has been a corresponding improvement in the morals and outward conduct of the people. In the year 1831, according to the Metropolitan Police Reports, 31,353 persons were apprehended for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In the year 1881 the number of persons taken into custody for the like offences was only 27,288. "Only," you may, in indignant astonishment, repeat. Yes; "only." The proportion of the drunkards apprehended in '31 was as 20·574 per thousand of the population. The proportion in '81 was 5·698 per thousand. A simply tremendous decrease. And please to remember that probably not one tenth of the people who got tipsy in 1831 were ever interfered with by the police. Fifty years ago gentlemen very often got drunk, and were sometimes disorderly.

I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist, but I conscientiously declare that the world is growing better every year. Yes; every year (notwithstanding a proportion of assassins, burglars, adulterators of food, and anonymous letter writers in our midst) there is so much less pain, less cruelty, less dirt, less ignorance, and less indifference to human misery.

Looking at the vast amount of good which earnest men and women are strenuously striving, in every conceivable shape and form, to do for those who are poor, and those who suffer, and those who are oppressed, and at the increased success with which the efforts of beneficence are being rewarded, I honestly confess that I cannot see either the gist or the drift of the magnificent oration which Mr. John Ruskin has just delivered at the London Institution on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." The scientific part of the lecture I do not understand. Its diction is almost incomparably splendid; but it is beyond my comprehension. It may or not be meteorologically correct. But I have studied the social questions of my time, and understand them; and as for the politico-economic portion of Mr. Ruskin's lecture, it

strikes me as being so much eloquent and inconsequent verbiage. Read this:—

If (he said, in conclusion) you ask me what is the meaning of all this blanched sun, and blighted grass, and blinded man, I can tell you none, according to your modern beliefs, but I can tell you what meaning it would have borne to the men of old time. Remember, for the last twenty years England and all foreign nations either tempting her or following her have blasphemed the name of God deliberately and openly, and have done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother as it is in his power to do. Of States in such moral gloom every seer of old predicted the physical gloom, saying, "the light shall be darkened in the heavens thereof, and the stars shall withdraw their shining." All Greek, all Christian, all Jewish prophecy insist, on the same truth through a thousand myths; but of all, the chief, to former thought, was the fable of the Jewish warrior and prophet, for whom the sun hastened not to go down, with which I leave you to compare at leisure the physical result of your own wars and prophecies, as declared by your own elect journal not fourteen days ago, that the Empire of England, on which formerly the sun never set, has become one on which he never rises.

This astonishing "screed" must either mean something or nothing. Does Mr. Ruskin mean that we have been blasphemous in going to war now and again? I am sure that I hate war—because I have seen it—and thousands upon thousands of my fellow-countrymen probably loathe bloodshed as much as I do; but, for all that, I do not wish to see the British Army or the Volunteers disbanded; and am, on the contrary, proud of their valour and their discipline, and implicitly believe that were this country attacked they would "lick the foreigner into his boots." But perhaps Mr. Ruskin does not mean that war-making is blasphemy. If he does not, what the dickens does he mean? When he writes or speaks about art he commands the enthusiastic admiration of all English-speaking peoples. When he writes or talks upon politics or political economy he only reminds one of the man who, when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus, used to stand on the ramparts crying out "Woe! Woe!" till a stone from a sling hit him on the sconce, and, with a final cry of "Woe to myself!" he tumbled into the ditch beneath, and so gave up the ghost.

Can any country gentleman, veterinary surgeon, bookseller, or publisher kindly tell me the date of publication of a big book (1009 pages), copiously illustrated, called "Skeavington's Modern Farriery"; edited by John Sherer, F.R.G.S.? I have the book, which was published by J. Murdoch, Castle-street, High Holborn; but, provokingly enough, it bears no date. It happens that I am extremely anxious to know when foot-and-mouth disease was first talked about in England; and in Skeavington, edited by Sherer, I find, at p. 687:—

THE EPIDEMIC.—The symptoms of this disease are characterised by their affecting the mouth with blisters and the feet with inflammation and pain, and is very troublesome.

Was this the "foot-and-mouth disease"? and, if it was, when did "the epidemic" make its first appearance in England?

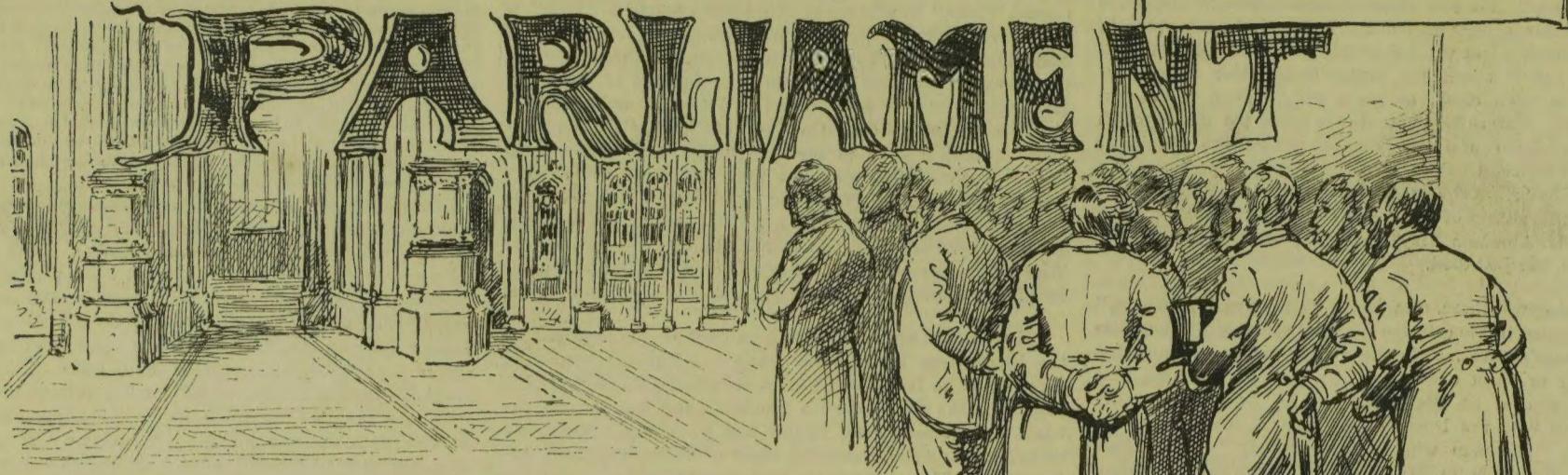
I am pleased to find that there is a teetotal *livre de cuisine* in the shape of "The Non-Alcoholic Cookery Book" issued on behalf of the British Women's Temperance Association, and published by Messrs. Wade, of Ludgate-square. The lady who has kindly made known to me the existence of the little work in question states that the total abstainers find that they can prepare trifles, jellies, and other sweets without the use of wine, cognac, or liqueurs. "Wine flavourings for gravies and game are not so easily substituted; but even these are not missed, we find, by those who habitually leave out the alcoholic element from their culinary preparations." That savoury and succulent dishes can be cooked without the introduction of any "alcoholic element" is plain enough. Consider the goodness of Indian and Turkish cookery. Still, Indians and Turks compensate for the absence of the "alcoholic element" by stuffing their dishes with spices; and unless I am mistaken, Dr. B. W. Richardson sets his face against highly-spiced meats.

With mingled hope and fear I read in the morning papers that it is no longer intended to consign to the melting-pot the equestrian statue of the Iron Duke which, since its deposition from the summit of the now transplanted Marble Arch, has been resting on the ground opposite Apsley House, looking like the statue of the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni," waiting to be invited to supper by some "masher" of the period. It is said that the critical authorities who erst doomed the Wellington statue to destruction have revoked their stern decree; that soft pity has touched the flinty heart of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; that sympathy for the late Mr. Wyatt has entered the soul of Mr. Boehm, R.A.; and that compassion has even subdued the Spartan inflexibility of Mr. Mitford, C.B. The disestablished Horse and his Rider will, so the rumour runs, be spared from dying the death in the fiery furnace, and will only suffer transportation to a height overlooking the North Camp, Aldershot.

I hope that this intelligence is true. I only fear that it is too good to be true. The monument has, no doubt, artistically, many faults. The anatomical modelling of the horse has been objected to, and the Duke's attitude is stiff almost to awkwardness. But the critics should be asked to remember, first, that the statue did not meet with the disapproval of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington and Prince of Waterloo; next, that the destruction of a monument erected in honour of an illustrious Englishman is an almost unprecedented act of wantonness; and, finally, that the costume of the Duke (always excepting the shape of the cocked hat and the plume, which are unhistorical) is strictly accurate, and corresponds with the attire worn by the Duke at Waterloo.

Among the host of bills which honourable members promise or threaten to bring into Parliament this Session, I notice one to be introduced by Mr. H. Labouchere to extend the provisions of the Cruelty to Animals Act to bears "and other such animals." When notice was given of the intended introduction there was laughter in the honourable house. What was there to laugh at? To my mind, there is a certain amount of duress to animals in the mere existence of a travelling menagerie or "wild beast show," however well conducted it may be. What have the wretched lions and tigers, hyenas and panthers, jackals and bears done that they are to be cooped up in cages, carted about the country, scared with the braying of brass bands, and dazed at night by flaring gas? As for lion-taming, I suppose that the process in question is not effected by means of rose-water, soft-soap, and macaroons. When I was young I used to be told that bears were taught to dance by being made to stand on almost red-hot metal plates. That I know to be a fiction; for I remember some twenty years ago, at Montreal, in Canada, a young bear, of which the soldiers of the Scots Fusilier Guards had made a pet, and which had been taught, entirely by kindness, to perform an astonishing variety of tricks. The elephant, too, we all know, is teachable by kindness; but how is it with the lions and tigers? G. A. S.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

FEBRUARY 5th

The Fifth Session of her Majesty's Tenth Parliament was opened on Tuesday with the modest ceremonial we are accustomed to when the Queen finds it inconvenient to attend in person. There was an unusually large gathering of ladies in the House of

Lords, their Lordships gallantly surrendering several benches to the fair sex, who were, indeed, so strongly represented that it might well have appeared for the moment that Female Suffrage had so far triumphed as to seat "sweet girl" members in the Upper House. Whether this was the point on which the jocund Archbishop of Canterbury was smilingly chatting to Bishop Jackson, or with regard to which Earl Delaware earnestly discoursed to the Duke of Bedford, cannot be said. Be that as it may, the Earl of Cork, sole occupant of the Ministerial bench, may have been excused for growing bashful in face of so formidable a phalanx of the fair. His repeated glances at the door to the left of the Throne were presently rewarded. The Royal Commissioners at length entered the House in all the glory of cocked hats and State robes of scarlet and ermine. They were Earl Selborne (Lord Chancellor), Earl Sydney, the Earl of Kenmare, Lord Monson, and Lord Carington. Having duly seated themselves in front of the Throne, the Lord Chancellor in the centre, the late General Knollys' successor as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the gallant Admiral Sir James Drummond, was duly dispatched to summon the faithful Commons. They came, with the usual rush to the bar, headed by the Speaker, who exchanged salutes with the Lords Commissioners. It then became the duty of the Lord Chancellor to read the Queen's Speech, which, he said, was "in her Majesty's own words." All who are acquainted with the noble Earl's rare power of distinct delivery will know with what admirable clearness this duty was discharged by Earl Selborne.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

I have called you together for the Fifth Session of this Parliament, that you may again address yourselves to the discharge of your arduous and ever-growing duties.

I continue to hold friendly and harmonious relations with all foreign Powers.

My communications with the President of the French Republic, arising out of special incidents in Madagascar, have closed, as I had anticipated, in a manner such as tends to confirm the cordial understanding between the two countries.

I have likewise, in conjunction with the President, appointed a Commission, which is now sitting in Paris, to discuss a basis of arrangement, which I had proposed, for the future regulation of the Newfoundland fisheries and the avoidance of disputes.

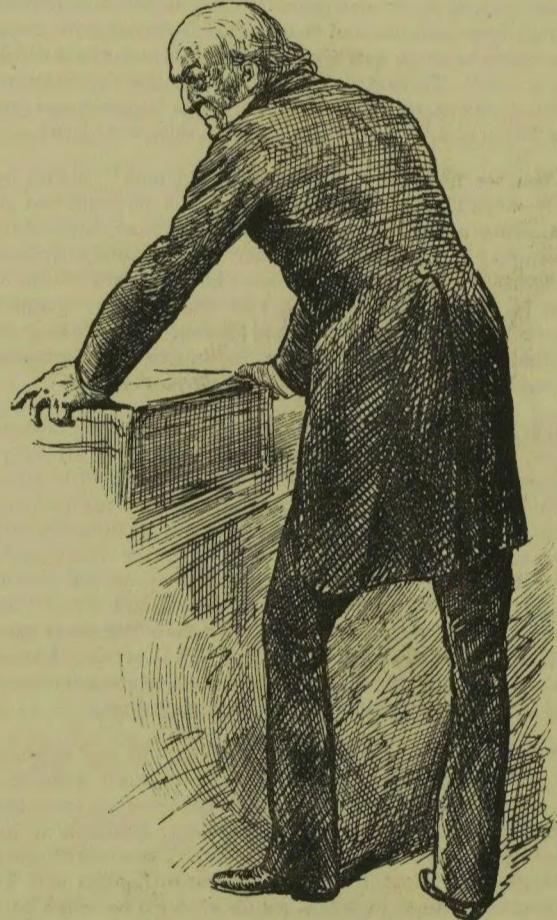
An agreement has been arrived at with Portugal respecting the River Congo and the adjacent territories. This Agreement will be presented to you forthwith.

Arrangements are in progress for the resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico, and Special Envoys have been dispatched by each Government to promote that end.

Negotiations for a Treaty of Commerce with Turkey have commenced; an agreement on commercial arrangements with Spain has been signed, which awaits the sanction of the Cortes; a revision of the Commercial Treaty with Japan, on a basis generally agreed to by the Treaty Powers, is nearly com-



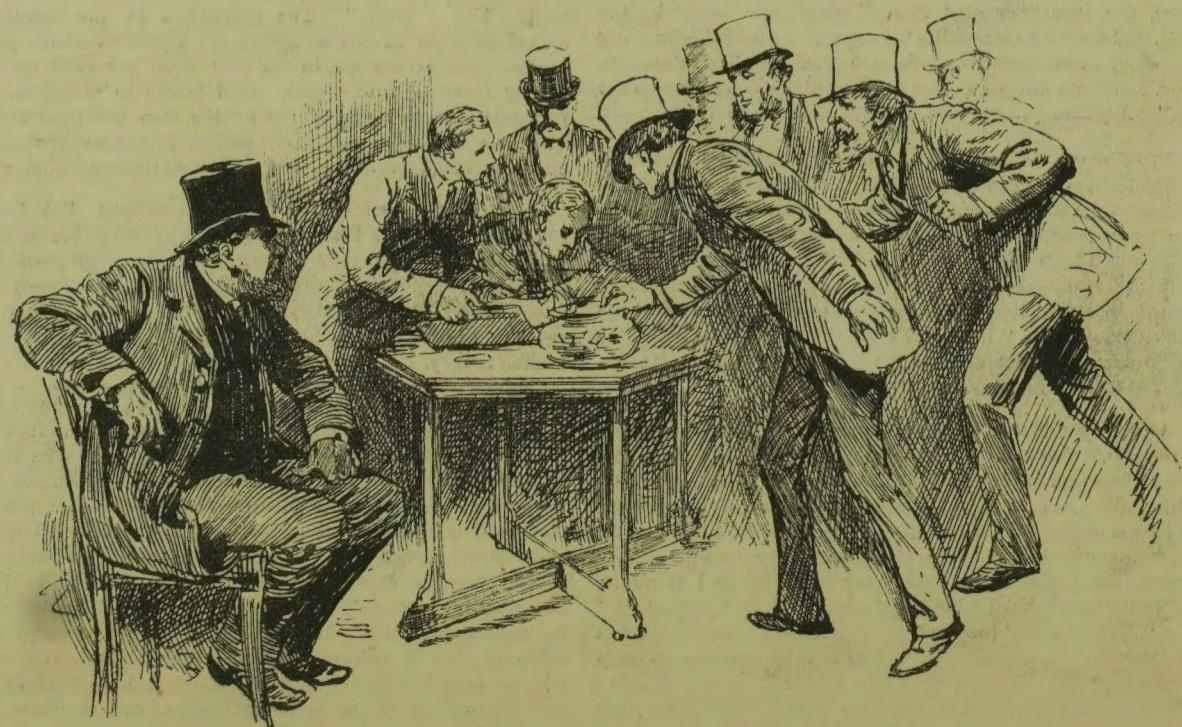
THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.



THE PRIME MINISTER.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

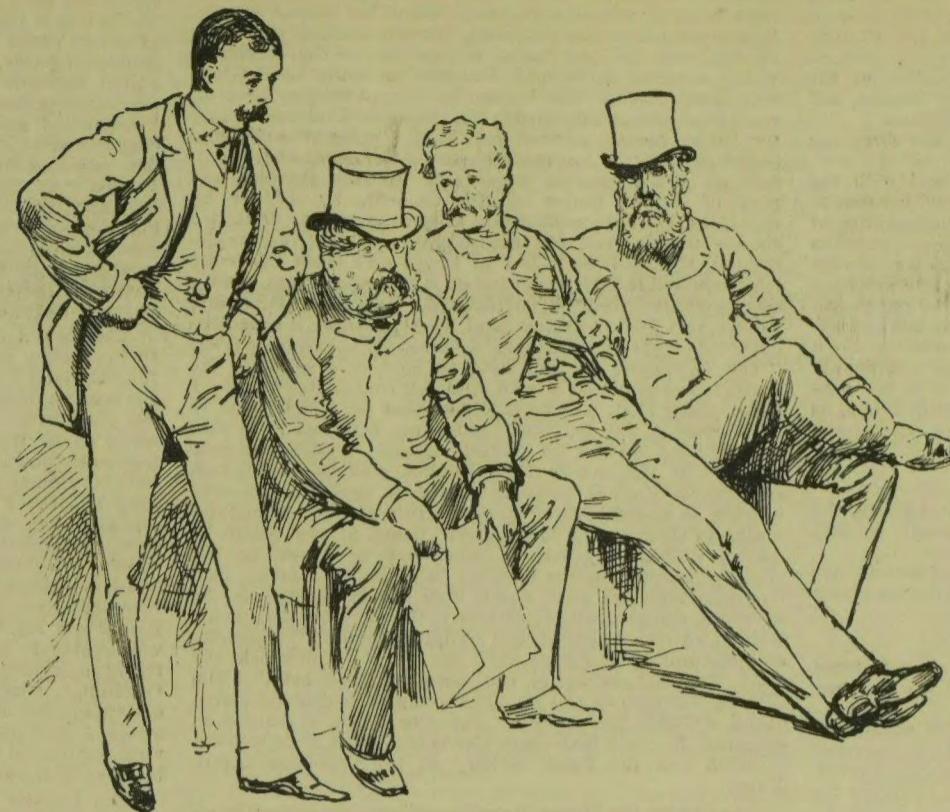


MEMBERS BALLOTTING FOR THE LADIES' GALLERY.

SKETCHES IN PARLIAMENT.



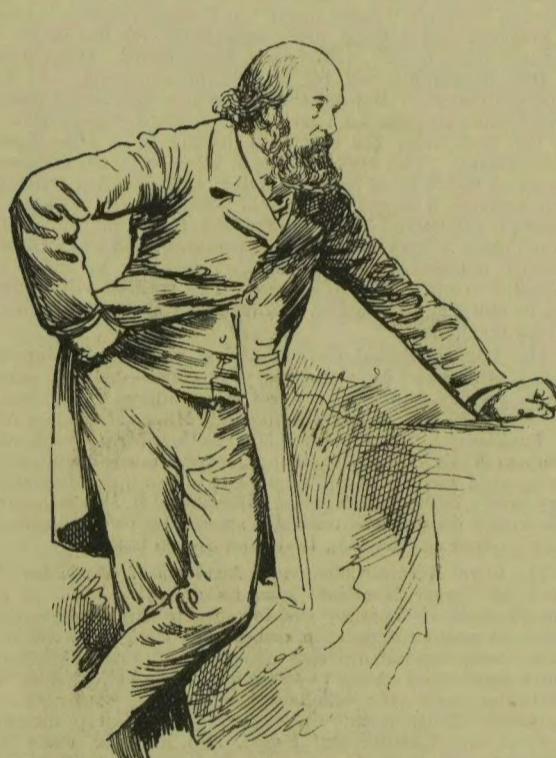
"HOME RULE."



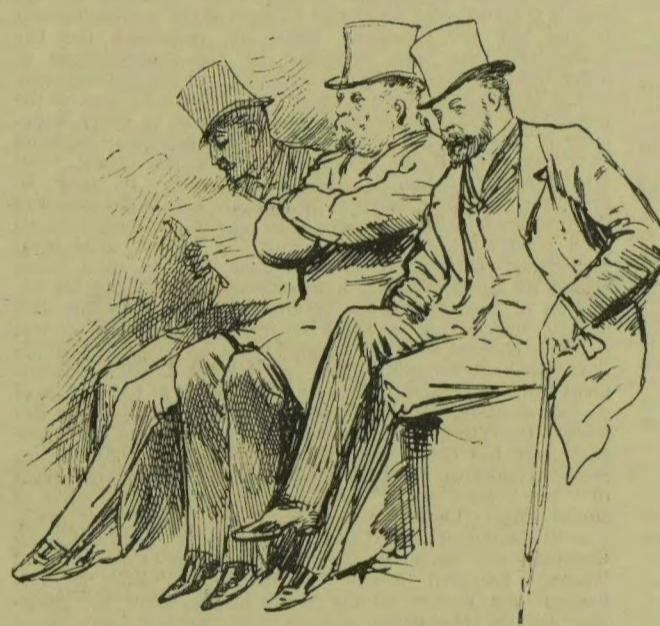
"THE FOURTH PARTY."



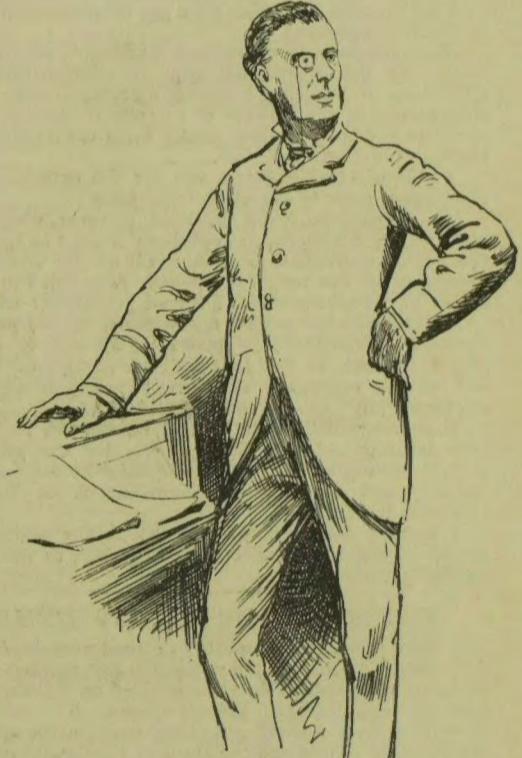
LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE.



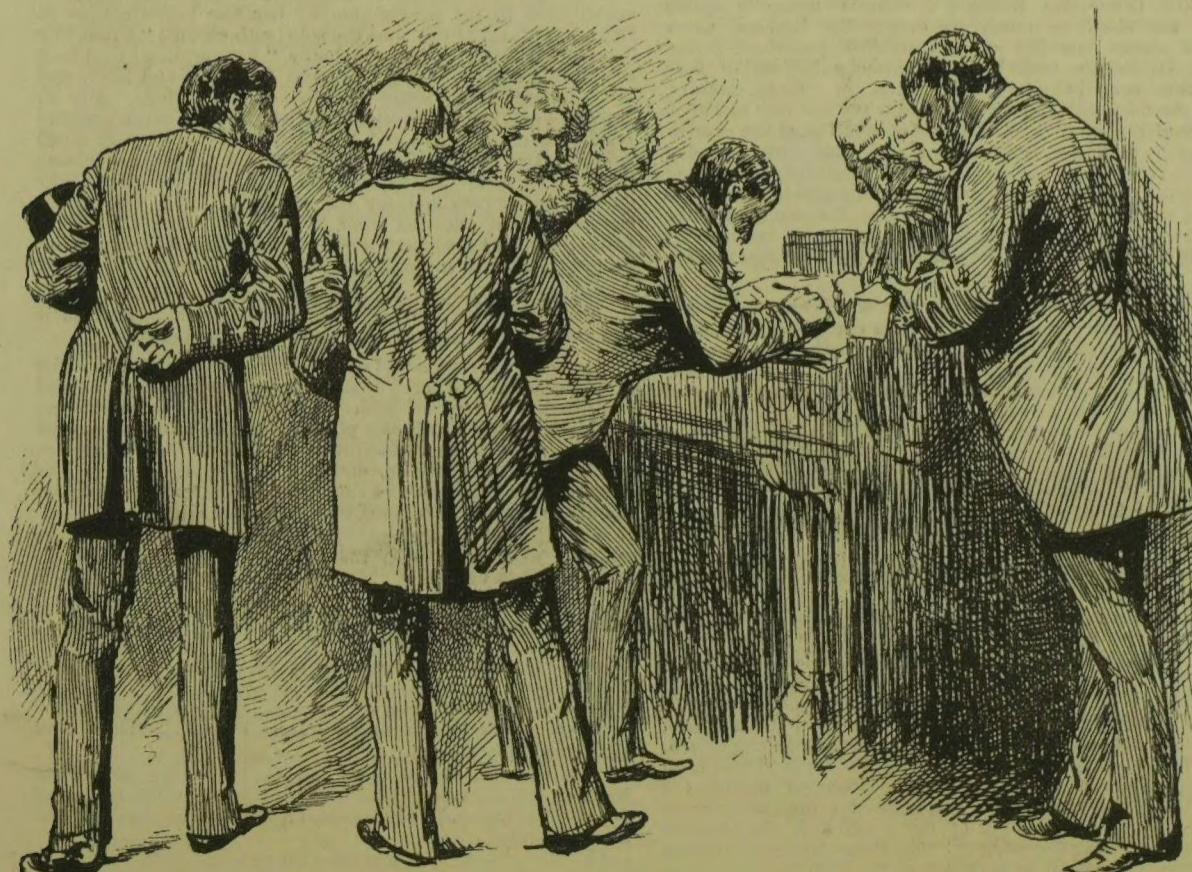
LORD SALISBURY.



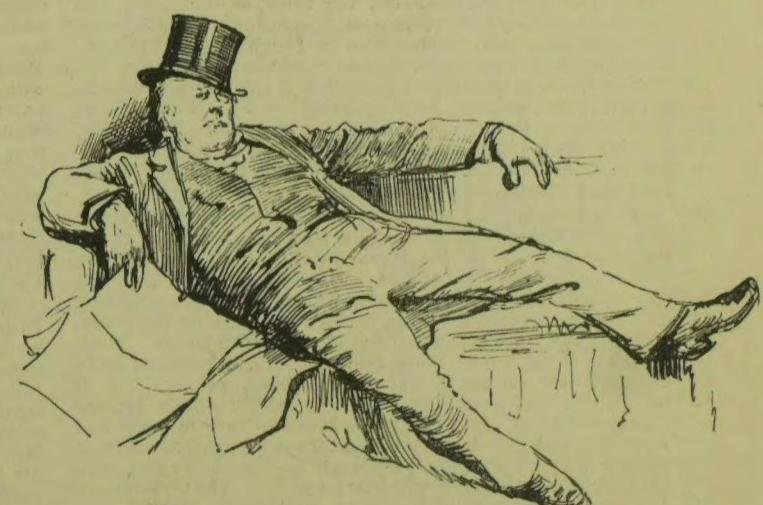
IN THE LORDS.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



BALLOTTING FOR PRECEDENCE OF MOTIONS.



MR. BRADLAUGH TAKES HIS SEAT.

pleted; and a Treaty of Commerce and Friendship has likewise been signed with Corea.

Having had every reason to be satisfied with the tranquillity of Egypt, and with the progress made in the establishment of orderly institutions, I gave, during the autumn, instructions for the evacuation of Cairo, for the further reduction of my military forces, and for their concentration mainly in Alexandria.

But in the month of November the Egyptian army, appointed to maintain the rule of the Khedive in the Soudan, was defeated and broken up with heavy loss.

Upon the occurrence of this defeat, I deemed it wise to recall the order I had given, as a precaution against the possible effects of the military reverse in Egypt itself, and to preclude all doubt as to the certain maintenance of its tranquillity.

While an unforeseen and calamitous necessity has thus required me

to suspend the measure I had adopted, the aim of my occupation, which has been explained to you at former times, continues without change.

I have offered to the Egyptian Government such counsels, as appeared to be required by a prudent regard to the amount of its resources, and to the social condition of the country. I have also dispatched Major-General Gordon to report on the best means of giving effect to the resolution of the Khedive to withdraw from the interior of the Soudan, and have permitted him to act in execution of the measure.

Papers relating to this and to several of the foregoing subjects will be presented to you.

I have directed communications to be held with the delegates whom the Government of the Transvaal has sent to this country for the purpose of urging a reconsideration of the Convention of Pretoria. In this interchange of views attention has been principally turned to the question, always one of difficulty in South Africa, how best to make provision for the maintenance of order and the prevention of oppression on the frontier. Nothing has occurred to discourage the expectation that these communications may be brought to a favourable issue. Papers will be presented to you on the subject in due course; and likewise with respect to the condition of Zululand, which continues to be unsettled, as well as to the resumption of direct Imperial authority in Basutoland, which is in immediate contemplation.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—

The Estimates of charge for the public services during the year 1884-5 have been prepared, and will speedily be laid before you.

I anticipate that the Revenue of the current year will not fall short of the expectations upon which you founded your financial arrangements.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

The condition of Ireland continues to exhibit those features of substantial improvement which I described on the two occasions when I last addressed you.

A measure will at once be presented to you which will have for its principal object the enlargement of the Occupation Franchise in Parliamentary elections throughout the United Kingdom. The experience gained during half a century by the progressive admission of augmented numbers to a share in our representative system happily warrants the belief that again, as heretofore, the result of a judicious extension of the franchise will be a still closer attachment of the nation to the Throne, the law, and the institutions of the country.

I anticipate a like effect from the extension and the reform of Local Government.

This comprehensive subject embraces all that relates locally to the greater efficiency of administration, to the alleviation of burdens by improved arrangements, and to the enlargement of the powers of ratepayers through the representative system, including among them the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

A plan will be laid before you for the extension of municipal government to the whole metropolis.

The preparation under this head, however, which has been made by my directions, has not been limited to London; but the actual presentation of further bills of the same class must depend upon the progress you may be enabled to make with the weighty business which has been already set forth.

Other public wants have not been neglected; and you will be invited to consider bills relating to the security of life and property at sea, to the Railway Commission and its powers, and to the repression of corrupt practices at municipal elections.

Measures will likewise be laid before you for the better administration of Scottish business, for the promotion of education, and for the closing of public-houses on Sunday in Ireland, and also for the improvement of intermediate education in Wales.

I humbly commend your efforts in the matters I have named to you, and in all other particulars, to the blessing of Almighty God.

NOTES BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

The news which was presently to spread uneasiness as to the ugly nature of the Soudan rising had not reached the House of Lords when noble Lords reassembled on Tuesday afternoon after the reading of the Queen's Speech. The gathering was a brilliant one. According to their wont on the opening day, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge occupied the front cross-bench; and the Princess of Wales was the radiant centre of a group of ladies of the Court in the middle balcony to the left of the Throne, the opposite gallery being full of Peeresses. The goodly gathering of Ministers was faced by a strong muster of ex-Ministers, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Cairns, and Lord Cranbrook being conspicuous among them. Rising from the bench behind Ministers, the Marquis of Tweeddale, in the bright scarlet uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant, amiably paraphrased the Queen's Speech, in moving the address, with a gravity worthy a Scotch elder. Lord Vernon, in the uniform of the Derbyshire Yeomanry, had only that afternoon taken the oath as a new Peer; but his Lordship distinguished himself by the cheeriness of his brief speech in seconding the Address.

Then came the tug of war. It is the Marquis of Salisbury's custom, in formally addressing the House, to half turn to the Peers on his side of the House as if to rally them to the assault of the opposite benches. The noble Marquis did so on this occasion; and it was in his habitual style of firm, emphatic delivery that he sent his terse, barbed, sentences on their way. His bold and vigorous speech was studded with points. Thus, ere many introductory words fell from him, he summed up in characteristic phrase the Queen's Speech, saying, "it is marked by this peculiarity, that as public affairs become darker and more difficult, its tone becomes more optimistic and more complacent." But it was against the policy of the Government in Egypt that he employed all his ingenuity and sped his most ironic shafts. I will quote a few. "The Government has been unfortunate with respect to Egypt. Matters have always gone wrong, and it has always been the fault of somebody else." Now, "It is a matter of 'scuttling out'; and the English Government, under present auspices, may be said to be an expert in scuttling out." "They appear to know no other way of retreating from the Soudan than by sending a man whose life has not been spent in retreating, but in advancing, and in striking hard blows against the enemy." It was in like manner the Marquis of Salisbury, cheered by his Party, scornfully dismissed each successive phase of Ministerial action in Egypt, adding, "It is useless for England to say that Egypt has done it. Egypt is in the hollow of her hand. England is all-powerful there. At her bidding armies are sent or withdrawn, at her bidding Ministers are dismissed or appointed, at her bidding great territories are retained or resigned, at her bidding the English Army occupies the capital of Egypt and forces the revenues of Egypt to pay for its cost, and that Army is sent, not to defend Egypt, but to force the Viceroy to dismember his territories."

Debonair as ever, and even more cheerfully self-confident

than usual, Earl Granville may be said to have developed Spartan qualities under the influence of the alarming telegram concerning the painful disaster to Baker Pasha's force for the relief of Tokar. The Noble Earl the Foreign Secretary well-nigh beamed with complacency when he eloquently and lightly pointed to Lord Salisbury himself as of all persons in this kingdom the one "most responsible for the difficulties which occurred in Egypt," Mr. Goschen being Lord Granville's authority for this statement. Egypt Proper, however, was progressing satisfactorily, Mr. Cross, the Under-Secretary for India, having assured our Mark Tapley of a Foreign Secretary that "he had recently passed two months in Egypt, and he stated that it is as safe to walk through any part of Egypt Proper at this moment, by day or by night, as it is to walk from Euston-square to Waterloo station in this great and civilised metropolis." As for the Soudan, it had been a loss to Egypt ever since Mehemet Ali attempted to take possession of it sixty years ago, having cost Egypt the lives of 100,000 soldiers. "Larger than Germany, France, and Spain together, and mostly barren, it cannot be governed except by a dictator," declared his Lordship, adding, "The Egyptians are not able to hold or re-conquer the Soudan, and you send a man who has confidence—which, I trust, under God, will be fulfilled—that he will be able to assist some of the garrisons in making a retreat from that country; but what I do protest against in the strongest manner, is the notion that English soldiers, or Indian soldiers, or English taxation should be applied to re-conquering or re-establishing Egyptian rule, through some false notion of honour, in this barren desert in the centre of Africa, without any sort of advantage to Egypt, or the slightest bearing on our interests in India." Finally, Earl Granville repented, amid cheers from the Ministerialists, "I maintain, and perfectly consistently, that by these documents which I have quoted we do feel bound to maintain the security and tranquillity of Egypt until the purpose for which our army was sent to Egypt has been accomplished." The Address was then agreed to. The Duke of Richmond introduced a Cattle Plague Bill. And the House adjourned so exceptionally early that some few noble Lords were enabled to stroll into the Peers' Gallery of the Commons before dinner.

The day for Sir Henry Brand's well-won retirement being near at hand, there was, naturally, a special degree of warmth in the respectful greeting accorded to the Speaker when he entered the House, a few minutes before two on Tuesday. Hats were removed when the right hon. gentleman, preceded by Captain Gosset shouldering the Mace, passed with his accustomed dignified and urbane bearing to the Chair. Prayers over, members filed past, and cordially shook hands with their genial Speaker, prior to following him to the Upper House to hear the Queen's Speech.

The general appearance of the House of Commons was almost identical with its physical aspect at the commencement of the last few Sessions. Since the reopening day the resemblance has been increased by the reappearance of other familiar faces. What may be termed the physiognomy of the House has never been so well known as it is at the present day. The appearance and attitude of every legislator of note is brought home by characteristic sketches such as Mr. Harry Furniss presents this week. Of Mr. Gladstone himself, to begin with, it may be said that, heartily cheered as he took his seat at the outset of the afternoon sitting, he gave welcome signs of having taken in a good stock of health during the Recess. His loyal supporters, of course, cheered him to the echo when he led off the Ministerial announcements by stating his intention of introducing the promised County Franchise Bill on the earliest day he could secure. Mr. Chamberlain was similarly cheered when, in decided tones, he gave notice of his new Merchant Shipping Bill. As for the London Government Bill, Sir William Harcourt was reticent as to the date of its introduction. Discreetly so! Opposite him, proudly defiant in the centre of the bench behind the leader of the Opposition, sat the City's doughty Champion, the Lord Mayor, ready to do battle for Gog and Magog, as his ringing shouts of "Yur! yur! yur!" boldly betokened in the course of the evening. Leading two of his trusty followers, if few—(Sir H. Drummond Wolff and Mr. A. Balfour), Lord Randolph Churchill was early in the field to secure the coign of vantage occupied by the "Fourth Party" since its formation—the corner of the front bench below the gangway on the Opposition side—a very narrow space alone separating Lord Randolph, Sir H. D. Wolff, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Gorst from the goal of their ambition—the front Opposition bench, as a step to the coveted office. With regard to the luminaries of the already well filled front Opposition bench, Sir Stafford Northcote modestly retires within his shell as much as ever; Sir Richard Cross has not abated one jot of self-satisfied jauntiness; and Mr. W. H. Smith looks as portentously big as of yore with the overwhelming importance of State affairs, as who should say, "A Smith may even yet one day be Prime Minister of England!" The bone of contention, if the expression may be used, Mr. Bradlaugh, is put aside until Monday next, Mr. Labouchere having persuaded his excluded colleague to waive till then his idea of demonstrating afresh his right to take the seat for which Northampton has thrice elected him. Meantime, Mr. Bradlaugh sits at his ease on his accustomed bench below the Peers' Gallery, cheered by the company of a knot of sympathetic members.

The depressing news of the disaster which overtook Baker Pasha's small force may be said to have occupied most minds while the debate on the Address was proceeding on Tuesday evening. Hence the unexpected collapse. Mr. Arthur Elliot and Mr. Samuel Smith (both in Court dresses) acquitted themselves well of the task of moving and seconding the Address. In particularly good voice was Mr. Bourke when, in an ably argued speech, he moved his amendment, "humbly" assuring her Majesty "that no measures will be effective for attaining the objects of your Majesty's policy in Egypt, and providing for the improvement and security of that country, unless they are founded on a distinct recognition by your Majesty's Ministers of the obligations which they have incurred by their intervention in the administration of Egyptian affairs." It was noticed that Sir Charles Dilke sat next Mr. Gladstone, taking notes, with a view to answer Mr. Bourke. But somehow the "tocsin of the soul" must have rung in his ears. For, when the House was at its thinnest, the Speaker put the amendment, which was negatived by 77 votes against 20. Dinner over, a chorus of complaints came from the Opposition benches at this surprise, the accidental nature of which Mr. Gladstone explained. Nevertheless, as self-chosen leader of the Opposition, Lord Randolph Churchill on Wednesday afternoon moved the adjournment of the House, and wasted considerably more public time in complaining of the inaction of the Government in permitting the collapse! The Prime Minister delivered a common-sense reply to the chief of the Fourth Party. The Transvaal Question was then dealt with by Mr. R. N. Fowler; but this theme was also soon exhausted.

MUSIC.

The performances of the Royal English Opera Company at Covent Garden Theatre closed on Saturday evening with a repetition of "Faust," cast as recently noticed. The short winter season just ended opened on Jan. 7 with the production of Herr Victor Nessler's opera "The Piper of Hamelin," another novelty, given soon afterwards, having been Mr. Julian Edwards's "Victorian," both having, however, been previously performed in the provinces. The revival of Balfe's "Saturnella" was another specialty, each event having been commented on by us at the time. Besides these the répertoire has included Wallace's "Maritana," Gounod's "Faust," Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and Sir J. Benedict's "Lily of Killarney," so that there has been abundant variety, considering the brief period occupied by the performances. The arrangements have been in most respects satisfactory, the band especially so, under the leadership of Mr. Carrodus; and Mr. G. H. Betjemann and Mr. Julian Edwards have, by turns, conducted with efficiency.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's concert of last week was an interesting one, although devoid of novelty. Schubert's Mass in E flat (the finest of several masses composed by him) has been so little heard, that its repetition was welcome. It was given by the Society last year, and its reception then, and again on its repetition, left a desire that it may be more frequently given in future. The orchestral and choral details were very finely rendered, and the vocal solos were effectively sung by Misses Thudichum and M. Burton, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. Newth, and Mr. Bridson. The Mass was followed by a fine performance of Beethoven's symphony in A, and the concert closed with Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music, which was worthily interpreted by orchestra, chorus, and solo vocalists; these latter having been Miss M. Burton, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Bridson. Mr. Charles Hallé, the conductor, was unable to appear, not having quite recovered from his recent indisposition; and his place was supplied by Mr. W. H. Cummings, who directed the performances with such skill and judgment as to surprise those who were not previously aware of his capabilities in this respect, knowing him only as an accomplished vocalist. Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" is to be given at the next concert, on Feb. 22.

The Popular Concert of last Saturday afternoon brought back Madlle. Janotta, whose pianoforte performances displayed an advance on their former excellence, having the same delicacy and refinement of style and touch, with more decision and emphasis in rhythmical phrasing. These facts were especially demonstrated in her rendering of a "Gavotte" by N. Janotta, Chopin's "Impromptu" in F sharp major, a scherzo by Zeilenki, and a florid piece substituted for the encore of that last named. Mr. Santley was the vocalist. Other items of the programme call for no specific comment. At the Popular Concert of Monday evening, a new manuscript pianoforte Sonata, composed by Mr. C. V. Stanford, was performed for the first time, the executant having been Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The work consists of three principal divisions, in each of which there is much skilful and effective writing; with, perhaps, a superabundance of florid bravura passages of elaborate difficulty. The sonata was finely played. Mr. Winch made a very successful appearance, and was enthusiastically applauded in his excellent delivery of songs by Handel, Purcell, Raff, and Jensen. The vocalist will, doubtless, be much more heard of. Other items of the programme call for no comment.

The London Ballad Concert of last week, at St. James's Hall, again offered an attractive programme—ballads, songs, and part-songs, having been effectively rendered by Mesdames Carlotta Patti and Antoinette Sterling, Misses M. Davies and De Fonblanque, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Oswald, and members of Mr. Venables' choir; the vocal music having been interspersed with violin and pianoforte solos admirably played, respectively, by Madame Norman-Néruda and M. De Pachmann. This week's concert was rendered special by the inclusion of many popular old English, Irish, and Scotch ballads.

The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind (at Upper Norwood) gave its annual concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, where the arrangements were on a grander scale than usual, both the programme and the performances having been of special interest. We have before commented on the vast amount of good effected by the institution under the excellent management of Dr. F. J. Campbell. Many of the students attain to high proficiency in vocal and instrumental music, and in some cases are enabled to earn their livelihood by the instruction afforded at the College, tuition being given by masters of eminence. Tuesday evening's concert was ably conducted by Herr Klindworth, who came expressly from Berlin. An excellent professional orchestra was engaged; and Madame Albani contributed to the programme by her fine performances in Bellini's "Casta Diva" and the solo (with chorus) "From Thy love as a Father" (from Gounod's "Redemption"). Other solo music was well sung by Misses Campbell and Reece and Mr. Moncur, these being students of the college. Mr. A. Hollins gave a very effective rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and Miss J. Gilbert played, with much neatness, two pianoforte solos by Scarlatti. These executants are likewise students, as also are the members of the very efficient choir provided for the occasion. The programme opened with a selection from Wagner, and closed with one from Liszt. The concert gave very satisfactory evidence of the sound musical training provided at the college.

Berlioz's "Faust" music was repeated, during the week, by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, by which institution it had several times previously been given with success.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis began on Tuesday her series of performances of Beethoven's pianoforte music, solo and concerted, interspersed with vocal pieces by the same composer. The lady's skill as a pianist is too well known to need fresh comment. Her coadjutors were M. Hollander (violin), M. Libton (violoncello), and Mr. McKay (vocalist). The performances take place at Prince's Hall, at four in the afternoon, the next concert being announced for March 4.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concerts will be resumed next week with the eleventh performance of the twenty-eighth series.

There are to be German Opera performances at Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesdays and Fridays, beginning on June 4 and ending on July 11. Herr Richter is to be the conductor, the orchestra being that of the Royal Italian Opera. Negotiations are pending with Madame Albani, Madame Pauline Lucca, and some of the most eminent artists of the principal German opera houses. Herr Franke is the general director of the scheme.

Madame Albani has been engaged for the Worcester Festival, which takes place on Sept. 9 and three following days. We have already given an outline of the general arrangements.

The body of the Rev. A. G. N. Fenwick, the missing Wiltshire clergyman, has been discovered in Cherbourg Docks.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"For, indeed, in my heart, I do love that Camaralzaman."

"For, indeed, in my heart, I do love that Camaralzaman."

Of the four a's, which should be the long ones? The author or authoress (were they the Brothers Brough?) of a burlesque on the always delightful story of "Camaralzaman and Badoura," produced many years ago at the Haymarket, conceived that the audience, having paid their money, were entitled to take their choice in the way of "quantities"; so the Princess Badoura, in the avowal, to the tune of "Jenny Jones," of her love for Camaralzaman, shifted, in alternate verses, the accent from one a to another. Not so Mr. F. C. Burnand, whose new "Burlesque Fairy Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts," entitled "Camaralzaman," was performed for the first time and with marked success at the Gaiety on Thursday, Jan. 31. Mr. Burnand has not only elevated the confection of modern burlesque to an art, but has reduced it to the exactness of a science. He can prescribe and formulate the ingredients of an entertainment which may with tolerable confidence be reckoned upon to delight boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery during three hours for an indefinite number of nights; and his burlesque-compounding prescription may fairly be compared with the famous "Pagodatique Entrée Dish; or, Celestial and Terrestrial Cream of Great Britain," which will be found in the appendix to "The Gastronomic Regenerator" of Alexis Soyer. "Procure, if possible," wrote the interesting Alexis, "the antique Vase of the Roman Capitol, the Cup of Hebe, the Strength of Hercules, and the Power of Jupiter. Have ready the Chaste Vase, and in it depose a Smile from the Duchess of Sutherland, a Lesson from the Duchess of Northumberland, the Happy Remembrance of Lady Byron, an Invitation from the Marchioness of Exeter, Lady Chesterfield's Conversation, the Deportment of the Marchioness of Aylesbury, a Fragment of the Works of Lady Blessington, the Affability of Lady Marcus Hill, the Stately Mien of Lady Jersey, the Seraphic Strains of the Countess of Essex, and the Good Will of Viscountess Palmerston." And so on, and so on. The elaborate recipe thus concludes:—"Fill Hebe's Enchanted Cup with a Religious Balm, and with it surround this mighty Cream of Immortality. Terminate with the Silvery Beams of the Pale Queen of Night without disturbing a Ray of the Brilliance of the Brightest Queen of the Day." Ingenious chef! His ingenuity is rivalled by Mr. Burnand. He has so contrived his materials as to give the Pale Queens of Night (Miss Constance Gilchrist and Miss Phyllis Broughton) their due and proper allowance of electric light without disturbing a ray of the brilliance of the Brightest Queen (or Prince) of the Day, Miss E. Farren. With equal adroitness does the gifted dramatist commingle and blend the remaining elements in the "Pagodatique Entrée Dish of Camaralzaman,"—artfully seasoning or sweetening his "Celestial and Terrestrial Cream of Burlesque" with gay dresses and graceful dances; with witty dialogue and exquisitely funny "patter" songs to the air of "The Post Horn Galop"; with the weird humour of Mr. Edward Terry as the Djin Danasch; with the unctuous *aplomb* of Mr. Robert Soutar as M. le Due d'Embroglio, Ambassador Extraordinary (very extraordinary) to the Court of Pekin; with the comic gravity of Mr. T. Squire as the Emperor of China; and to complete the "Pagodatique Entrée of Celestial and Terrestrial Cream of Burlesque" with picturesque scenery and melodious music selected, composed, and arranged by Herr Meyer Lutz. Stay; there should be something like a story round which to range all these sweet and savoury ingredients. In "Camaralzaman" Mr. Burnand has drawn a cheque (promptly honoured) on the "Arabian Nights"; but there is a large balance to his credit available in the hands of the Countess d'Aulnois, of Count Anthony Hamilton, of the Brothers Grimm, and of Mother Goose; and I really do not see why Mr. Burnand should not continue to draw burlesque cheques (and full houses) for Mr. Hollingshead until that indefinite period arrives when the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque shall pale before the fierce light of the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, and Eschylus, played exclusively by female undergraduates of Oxford in the original Greek, with the Byzantine accentuation, and without the Erasmian pronunciation.

Miss E. Farren never looked more charming, nor sang, acted, and danced more gracefully and vivaciously than she did as Prince Camaralzaman. In what may be called her great *scena*, "The Engaged One's Song," encore followed encore. The song itself is a very droll lyric, beginning—

I'm off to be married—Oh, isn't it fun!
(Doubtfully) I don't know so much about that;
My bachelor's life is all over and done,
(Slyly) I don't know so much about that.

"I don't know so much about that" and "I'm not quite so sure about that" are the convertible *refrains* to the sparkling music, which has been composed by Herr Meyer Lutz. Miss Constance Gilchrist, as the Princess Badoura, danced very nimbly, and looked, it is almost needless to say, very fascinating. She has a great deal to learn as an actress, and is at present somewhat inclined to passionless monotony in the delivery of her "lines"; but this clever young lady is evidently always trying to improve herself in her art; and success seldom fails to reward, sooner or later, the efforts of those who try their hardest. Mr. E. Terry as the Djin was the grimmest and most grotesque of burlesque demons; and Mr. W. Elton was sufficiently mirth-moving as the Shah; while a distinct improvement must be noted in the acting of Miss Phyllis Broughton, whose impersonation of Maimouna, a "superior" Peri, was very good indeed. With dances arranged by Mr. Paul Valentine, new scenery by Mr. E. G. Banks and Mr. Walter Hann, gay costumes, and careful stage management, "Camaralzaman," as prepared according to the recipe of "La Cuisine Burnand," could scarcely fail to achieve success; and brilliantly successful it has been, accordingly.

If the honourable member for Stow-in-the-Wold, having come to town for the Session with his family, should request me to prescribe some wholesome theatrical recreation for himself, his good lady, and olive branches—which dramatic pill would I be justified in recommending first? Why, a sugar-coated one, indubitably, as there are children in the case. I would make the little ones happy at starting with the wonderfully beautiful pantomime of "Cinderella," and the remarkably elaborate and animated procession of Fairy Tales, devised for their special pleasure at Drury Lane. They should then be taken to see the wondrously agile Vokes Family and nimble Mr. James Power in "Little Red Riding Hood," still merrily running at Her Majesty's; and then the rafters of the nursery should ring for days afterwards (if rafters any more than the welkin can ring) with the lively and boisterous comments of the juvenile sight-seers on the two pantomimes. A visit to the Prince's should be indispensable on the part of the seniors, as much to inspect the luxurious lounges and elegant lobbies of Mr. Edgar Bruce's magnificent new theatre as to witness the satirical comedy of "The Palace of Truth." It would be equally incumbent on them to book seats at the Lyceum to see Miss Mary Anderson in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and in Mr. Gilbert's powerful and improbable play of "Comedy and Tragedy;" and at the Savoy to enjoy the melodies and humour of the new comic opera of "Princess Ida," by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. In the way of drama, for superb beauty of scenery

and mounting "Claudian" bears the palm, at Mr. Wilson Barrett's popular house, the Princess's; and for rapid action and humorous delineation of character the Adelphi is still pre-eminent with "In the Ranks." The sprightly humours of Miss Lotta and Miss Minnie Palmer are so much akin that both these clever little American ladies should be seen: Lotta is as quaintly amusing as The Marchioness at the Opéra Comique as Minnie Palmer is vivaciously unconventional at the Strand. I think that will do for a first prescription.

A few changes in the bills of the play have to be noted. Signor Salvini will give twenty-two performances at Covent Garden, beginning on the 28th inst. "Lords and Commons" will give place to "Peril" at the Haymarket on the 16th inst.

G. A. S.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Canadian Railway affairs are once more the subject of interest in both America and Europe, and for this important reason, that the Canadian Pacific Railway directors have induced the Canadian Government to apply to the Dominion Parliament for power to advance to the company at 5 per cent all the further money required to finish the line from end to end. The reasons for this unusual request are stated at length in a letter from Mr. George Stephen, as president of the company, to the Minister for Railways, and which letter appears in full in this week's *Canadian Gazette*, it having been cabled over to that journal through the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, though it consists of 2197 words. The effect made on the mind by the perusal of that statement is that the enemies of the company, of Canada, and of that Confederation which is the pride and hope of every Canadian have overdone themselves. They have so assailed the great national work that its shares could only be issued at an inordinate sacrifice; and the Government in effect meets this conduct with a determination to prevent any shares or bonds being sold, lending, itself, all the money required at 5 per cent, and by that very act not only meeting every necessity, but thereby giving expression to the national resolve that this railway shall not only be built, but be built economically in regard to capital issues.

To the long list of frauds which have startled investors and the financial community during the past few months has to be added one which, in extent and character, must take the first place. The firm of P. W. Thomas and Son have for upwards of a hundred years been known as stock-brokers, a period which almost covers the history of Stock Exchange securities. For a generation and upwards they have, moreover, held a very high position for means and probity, and what the founders reared with so much care, their descendants have destroyed in a few hours. Speculative losses overwhelmed both a large income and considerable capital resources, and then came the misappropriation of the securities held on behalf of clients until, when absconson took place, there was a debit balance of about £800,000. The losses fall chiefly upon clients whose stock has disappeared, but the Stock Exchange claims about £40,000, the London Chartered Bank of Australia close upon £120,000, the Colonial Bank about £40,000, and some other firms and companies have also suffered. Naturally enough, this fresh experience has raised the whole question of the methods observed by those who lend on stock at the settlements. It is nearly impossible to advance on registered stock with the speed required by the nature of Stock Exchange business without running great risk, and the banks are now considering whether they would be justified in refusing to advance until the stock is really transferred to them. To do that would be to greatly cut down a profitable source of income, one which, in times of low discount rates, greatly aids the high dividends to which shareholders have got accustomed. Many directors are in favour of the fullest safety, even though the dividend suffer a little, and safety is the first principle of banking.

The Secretary of State for India has made known to the board of the Eastern Bengal Railway Company that the acquirement of the railway in June, 1884, will be by the issue to the stockholders of an equivalent annuity. The railway will then rank with the other State lines. This is in contrast with the plan pursued in the case of the East Indian Railway, which is being worked by those stockholders who elected to participate in the future earnings of the line. The Eastern Bengal Company will therefore cease to exist in a few months, and thus will close a highly prosperous experience, one that must have an important bearing upon the view taken of the newer Indian railways which have lately been undertaken.

T. S.

Mir Mahbub Ali, the young Nizam of Hyderabad, was formally installed on Tuesday in the personal administration of his State by the Viceroy of India.

The highest awards at the Calcutta Exhibition for pianos—namely, two diplomas of honour and two gold medals—have been gained by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of London.

An International Peasant Festival and Musical and Dramatic Fête, under Royal patronage, will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, next week, in aid of the funds of the West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, and Epilepsy.

Under the presidency of the Earl of Dalhousie and attended by several members of Parliament, a public assembly on Monday night in Exeter Hall urged the great necessity for municipal reform in London, as well as the desirability of introducing the bill for the purpose early in the Session.

Mr. Francis George Heath has issued the first part of his "Fern Portfolio." The object of the work is to give fac-similes, printed in colours, of the principal ferns, with short, accurate descriptions of their characters and distribution. The first number contains a plate of the *Osmunda Regalis* or Royal fern, the largest and finest of the ferns to be found in this country.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House yesterday week, presided over by the Lord Mayor in the first instance, and subsequently by Earl Stanhope, when a resolution was passed to the effect that it was desirable to establish, under the name of the Hospitals Association, an organisation for the consideration and discussion of matters connected with hospital management. Among the speakers were Major Ross, M.P., Sir T. F. Buxton, Sir R. Alcock, and Mr. T. Holmes.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the National Rifle Association states that the last meeting was one of the most successful since the foundation of the Association in 1860. The balance sheet shows that the chief features were the further munificent donation from Mr. Mullens, the considerable surplus of receipts over expenditure on the revenue account, amounting to £1685, and the very small increase to the plant account. The amount given in prizes, pools, medals, &c., was £13,375, irrespective of the value of challenge cups, an increase on the previous year of £940, the contribution by the National Rifle Association to the total value of the prizes, including money won at pool, being nearly £11,000. On the credit side of the revenue account, the large increase in the receipts is also in excess of those of any previous year.

NEW BOOKS.

Antecedents sometimes go for a great deal; and in the case of *Chronicles of Newgate*: by Arthur Griffiths (Chapman and Hall), there can be no doubt that, if such a work were required, the author, from his great experience as a governor and inspector of prisons, and as a writer of books concerning prisons, and from the exceptional advantages he would enjoy in both capacities, is the right man in the right place. No wonder that he was, as he describes himself to have been, overwhelmed with the material placed at his disposal; no wonder he had to epitomise and abbreviate, to let alone what he would gladly have used and retain what he would gladly have abandoned had he known what was coming, and, in fact, do the best he could to construct a shapely fabric out of chaos. This he has certainly done; he has added an index to make his work more handy and useful, and he has admitted a profuse number of illustrations, which are admirable and wonderfully interesting. Nor must it be imagined that the two large and handsome volumes have been compiled in the spirit which seems to have moved the compiler or compilers of the old "Newgate Calendar," whereof the contents might have been put together with the object partly of exercising a horrible fascination over the reader, partly of investing the perpetrators of crime with certain heroic proportions, partly of inciting youngsters who read how much ingenuity and daring certain criminals exhibited in their romantic career to go and do likewise. These two volumes, though they breathe the spirit of true humanity, are written in the calm, stern, almost contemptuous tone, so far as crime and wilful criminals are concerned, which effectively prevents a reader from falling into the error of seeing anything heroic in the most audacious and most interesting offences committed against the laws of God and man. The author well and truly observes that "a really copious and detailed history of Newgate would be a most voluminous affair"; and that "to have traced its chronicles down from epoch to epoch, closely and minutely, would have been wearisome to the reader." He has, therefore, very wisely confined himself within reasonable bounds, and has "endeavoured to present a general, but not too detailed, picture of the various criminal periods through which Newgate has passed." Be it remembered that in the records of Newgate Prison are to be traced "the variations of our Statute Book," and "the gradual amelioration of the penal code, from the days of its pitiless ferocity to the time when, thanks to the incessant protests of humanitarian and philanthropist, a milder system became the rule," and that though Newgate, "the chief prison of the chief town in the kingdom, might have been expected to lead the van in prison reform," yet, on the contrary, "it remained constantly, from the first and almost to the last, one of the worst-kept prisons in the kingdom"; let all this be remembered, and nobody will fail to see how serious a history is contained within the covers of these two volumes, or dream of confounding that history with a mere melodramatic representation of exciting but unlawful and even wicked adventures, of tortures inflicted, of justly incurred but barbarously administered punishments. Anecdotes of a horribly fascinating kind, no doubt, abound in the volumes; but such anecdotes are episodical and illustrative only.

Of certain times and certain personages it is impossible to tire; and therefore *Horace Walpole and His World*: edited by L. B. Seeley, M.A. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), may meet with wider acceptance than the editor's very modest desire might lead him to expect. He seems to be under an impression that there are here and there, among the persons to whose class the "general reader" belongs, two or three benighted individuals who have not yet made "acquaintance with the prince of English letter-writers." It may be so—indeed, it must be so; for there must always be a young "general reader" who is only just beginning, and who may as well scrape acquaintance with Horace Walpole out of this excellent little volume; but though a man be as familiar with the nine volumes of "Horace Walpole's letters, annotated by Peter Cunningham, as with the multiplication-table, this little volume will still have a charm for him: he will read with respect and interest, though he may not endorse, the remarks of the editor, and he will find it difficult to remove his eyes from the illustrations representing—not too well, perhaps, but well enough for memory's purposes—an almost forgotten series of portraits, such as Horace Walpole himself, "after Lawrence," and Laurence Sterne, the Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, the Lady Caroline Montagu, the delightful three Ladies Waldegrave, the speaking (but not hearing) Sir Joshua Reynolds, the charming Duchess of Devonshire, and the characteristic Mrs. Montagu—all "after Reynolds." Assuredly, in some respects, such a little book is a treasure.

Accompanied by a good likeness—but a dark and by no means flattering or even adequate portrait—of the author, come the two volumes of *On the Stage*, by Dutton Cook (Sampson Low and Co.), to renew the grief of his friends and at the same time to remind them that, when he was cut off without a moment's warning, he had just completed one of those occasional works of his which were connected with, though they did not exactly belong to, his special vocation of dramatic critic. The two posthumous volumes are pleasant reading for everybody, profitable for not a few; they testify of the author's diligent study, kindness of heart, geniality of tone, graceful and easy style, quiet but constant humour. The volumes overflow with entertaining and instructive anecdote, with valuable hints, with illustrative quotations and stories. The author, with his characteristic mixture of sound sense and smiling irony, says:—"I have noticed that an author's attempts once for all to exhaust a subject absolutely, have sometimes resulted, unfortunately, in the complete exhaustion of his public." That is why he did not try the exhaustive process in "A Book of the Play," published a few years ago; he preferred to issue supplementary volumes, like the two now under consideration, which two would probably have been followed by others, had his life been spared. What he has written about "stage traditions," about pieces "adapted from the French," about the "corps de ballet," about "amatuer actors," and about "the Columbine question," is particularly interesting; but the difficulty would be to mention a single chapter which is not.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamship Abergeldie, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in December last.—The agents of the Tasmanian Government have received a telegram from Hobart Town notifying the arrival there on the 4th inst. of the steamer Gulf of Carpentaria, which left Plymouth on Dec. 12 last.

The large Engraving in the last Number of this Journal, representing a fight outside Souakim between the Egyptian troops and the Arabs, is from a drawing by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, from the information supplied to him by Major-General Sartorius and other officers who were present at the conflict. Our Illustration, this week, of the encampment of Zobeir Pasha's black troops at the Suez Docks, is from a Sketch by Dr. Hardcastle.



THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE.



LORD VERNON.

THE MOVER AND SECORDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Address from the two Houses of Parliament, in answer to

the Queen's Speech, at the opening of the Session on Tuesday,

was moved by the House of Lords by the Marquis of Tweed-

dale, and seconded by Lord Vernon; in the House of

Commons, it was moved by the Hon. Arthur Elliot, M.P. for

Roxburghshire, and seconded by Mr. S. Smith, M.P. for

Liverpool. In accordance with our usual custom, we

present the Portraits of these noble Lords and honourable

members.

The Marquis of Tweeddale (William Montagu Hay, tenth

Marquis) was born in 1836. He was educated at Haileybury

College, and was formerly in the Bengal Civil Service. He

held the appointments of Deputy Commissioner of Sindia and Superintendent of the Hill States in the North of India. He was Lord William Hay, M.P. for Taunton, in the House of Commons, from 1865 to 1868, and M.P. for Huddington District of Burgis in 1875, shortly before his election to the title. Lord Vernon was present at his elder brother's

Lord Vernon (George William Venables Vernon, seventh Baron Vernon) was born in 1854, and held a commission in the 12th Lancers. He married his first wife in 1876, and became in 1880 a barrister, educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1880 commenced business at Liverpool as a merchant and cotton-broker. He founded the firm of Smith, Edwards, and Co., but in 1884 joined that of Messrs. Finlay

and Co. He is a member of the Liverpool Town Council, and was two years President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Smith is author of several essays on political and economic subjects, and of a treatise on "The Credibility of the Christian Religion." He was elected to the seat vacant for Liverpool in December, 1883.

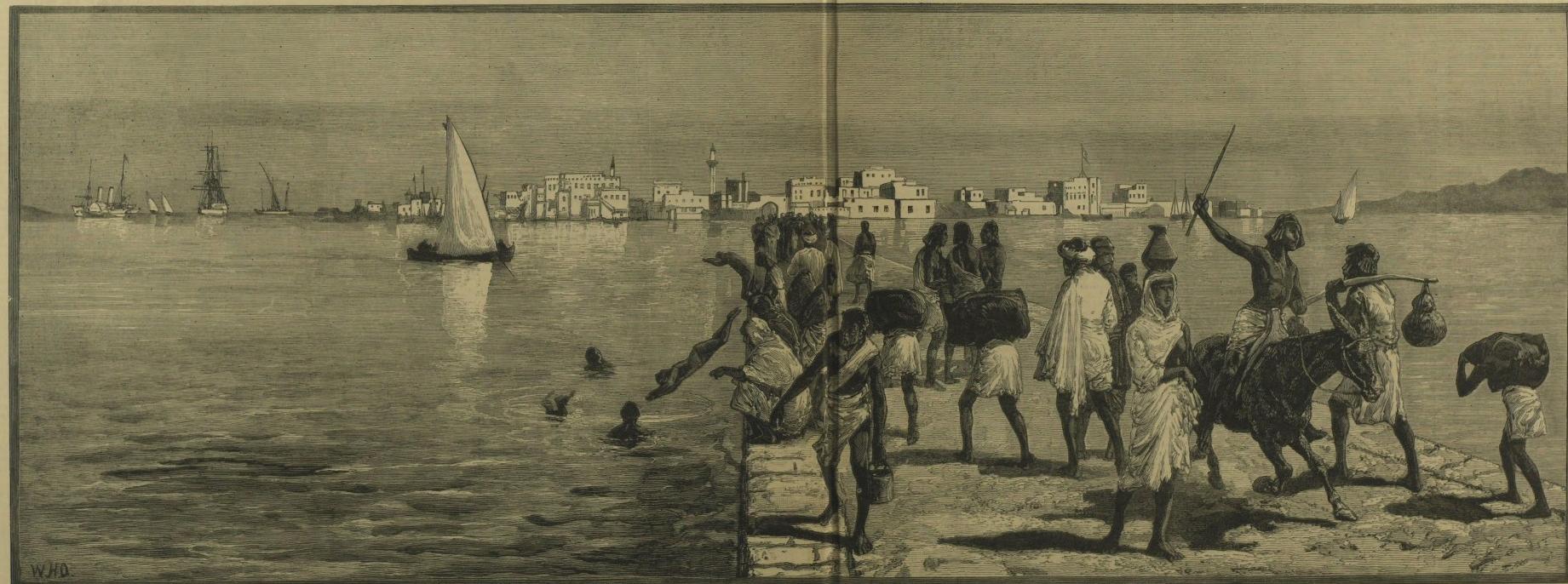
The Portait of the Marquis of Tweeddale is from a photograph by Mr. W. Kurtz, of New York; that of Lord Vernon, from one by Mr. J. E. Edouart, of Paris; that of Mr. S. Smith, from one by Macintosh and Co. of Kelso; and that of Mr. S. Smith, by Robinson and Thompson, of Liverpool.

SOUAKIM AND MASSOWAH.

Sketches by our Special Artist, of which facsimile re-

productions, with his notes written upon them, are given in our Extra Number, page V. Souakim is on the Red Sea, near Souakin and Massowah, with the British gun-boats lying in harbour, and with the arrangements for the defence of each of three places, by the aid of our naval artillery, and some Native troops, who are to be sent to each place to repel any possible attack by an enemy from the land side. Souakin indeed, is a place which is, from its situation, easily de-

fensible by such means, and which has some fortifications of its own. Its batteries are mounted with twelve Krupp guns, and supplied with mountain guns and mortars, independently of the guns of her Majesty's ships. Most of the twelve guns are distributed over earthworks which extend, in an irregular semicircle, two and a half miles. Outside the semicircle are two or three detached fortlets, on the landward part of the town. The other part of the town lies on an island, which is separated from the mainland by a circular belt of water of an average breadth of about 100 yards. These different parts of the town are connected by causeways, of which the principal is that of Colonel Gordon. Near this causeway lies one of the British gun-boats, the other two vessels being stationed seaward.

THE WAR IN THE SUDAN: MASSOWAH, FROM THE SOUND ISLAND, SHOWING THE CAUSEWAY.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The camp of Baker Pasha is on the mainland, outside the causeway gate, and is sufficiently intrenched. About one mile and a half or two miles from the extreme point of the head-intrenchments are the wells. At present the enemy's headquarters are twelve miles distant, but small bands of Arabs have come down from the hills, night after night, and have fired into the camp. The troops have turned out, upon each occasion, replying to the fire, and there has been no serious attack; indeed, the whole ground would be swept by a fire from the gun-boats. The position of Massowah, which our Artist visited in H.M.S. Sphinx, in company with the staff of Baker Pasha, towards the end of December, presents some resemblance to that of Souakin, the town being principally built on a small island, connected by a causeway with the mainland. There have been no hostilities in the neighbourhood of Massowah, but it is near the Abyssinian frontier; and the unfriendly relations that have lately existed between Egypt and Abyssinia made it desirable to pay a visit to this place, which would be the port of landing for an expedition sent to Kassala, thence to cross the Atbara, if that way of approaching Khartoum were considered the more feasible. On the 26th ult., we learn by telegraph, Baker Pasha received news that peace had been completely restored on the Egypto-Abyssinian frontier and trade reopened between Kassala and Massowah. Since his visit to Massowah 2200 canals with merchandise from the interior have reached the town, and the Customs receipts increased by £2000 in one week. This bears out the anticipations of the results of the General's voyage to that sea-port. Another view of Massowah, presented in this Number, was sketched by our Special Artist from the second island in the bay, and shows in the foreground the causeway that connects the two islands, crowded with people, with girls carrying water in skins, donkey-drivers, loungers, and bathers about to plunge into the sea. The causeway between the two islands is about 200 yards long, and the Governor's house and barracks are on the second island; there is another island, with a palace upon it; and the mainland is reached by a further causeway, three quarters of a mile long. These causeways are protected by gates, which are guarded by soldiers, and are closed at night. The barracks and the Governor's house are supplied with fresh water by pipes laid along the causeway from the mainland, but the water for the town must be carried there by hand, or as a load on the backs of donkeys. The anchorage in the harbour is good, and the port has some little trade. A few Europeans live there, but the trade is mostly carried on by Banyans from India, many of whom are concerned also in the pearl-fisheries of Dhalak and the neighbouring coast. There has been no British Consul at Massowah since Consul Cameron, whose unfortunate visit to King Theodore was the occasion of the Abyssinian War in 1868. The country adjacent is very mountainous and picturesque, and there are fertile districts inland on the route to Kassala.

RECEPTION OF THE HOLY SHEIKH AT SOUAKIM.

Our Artist at Souakin contributes an illustration of the arrival there of Osman El Maghrani, a famous Mussulman ecclesiastic, from Cairo, the "Holy Sheikh" or "Syud," which means a reputed descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. This personage was sent to persuade the Arabs of the Eastern Soudan not to follow the standard of the Mahdi. The arrival of the Holy Sheikh Syud El Maghrani at Souakin, with his ceremonious reception in the camp of Baker Pasha, is described by the *Daily News*' Correspondent as a very imposing scene. "The whole route from the causeway to the General's tent, about a mile in length, was lined with troops. The Syud, dressed in a tunic of blue silk and mounted on a white horse, was preceded by the military band and a large company of men on foot or on horseback, some of whom carried banners. The population of Souakin followed in the rear and on the right and left flanks of the procession. The prevailing colour in the vast assemblage was white, and with the white tents of the camps, the blue of the breezy sky across which the clouds were drifting, the blue, red, and yellow uniforms of the infantry and cavalry, and the bright grey of the houses of Souakin filling in the background, the spectacle was singularly lively and pretty. For light, colour, and movement the procession might bear comparison with the finest spectacle of the kind to be witnessed in Asia—the festival, or, as we should call it in old English, the mystery of Hassan and Hussein; in other words, the Mohurrum, as it is to be seen in the cities of Upper India. But the Mohurrum is the feast of sadness, whereas the entry of Syud El Maghrani into camp was a feast of rejoicing. Onwards the procession flowed, slowly, with waving of banners, the shouts of the men, and the continuous, high-pitched bird-trill of the Arab women. People rushed out of the crowd to touch the hem of his Holiness's garments or perchance to kiss his hand. Of his interview with the General, I will only say that the Syud feels confident in his ability to break up the rebel confederacy in the Eastern Soudan. The General himself acknowledges that the situation is far more promising than he could have expected a week ago. Not a day passes but several Sheikhs, with their tail of wild spear-armed warriors, come in to do reverence to the saint, and make their profession of loyalty."

In answer to numerous inquiries respecting the publication of "Precious Stones and Gems," Mr. Streeter desires to state that the fourth edition will be in the hands of the public by the end of this month. The publishers (Messrs. George Bell and Sons, Covent-garden) will receive any orders for the new edition, which has been revised and partly re-written.

A handsome sword, with richly chased silver scabbard and hilt, is to be presented to Colonel Sir T. Fowell Baxter, Bart., by the officers, non-commissioned officers and members of the 2nd Tower Hamlet Rifle Volunteers as a memento of their regard on his retirement from command after nearly twenty-five years' service, and subsequently becoming their honorary Colonel. The sword is on view at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, Mansion House Buildings.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Alliance was held at the Holborn Restaurant on Monday, Mr. Borlase, M.P., in the chair. A resolution was passed expressing an opinion that the owners of live stock should unite in demanding the exclusion of animals from countries affected with foot-and-mouth disease, as well as from those in which rinderpest exists, and that slaughter at the ports should be the rule, as at present with respect to animals from countries affected with other diseases.—Presiding at a meeting of the General Cattle Diseases Committee, Mr. Chaplin, M.P., said that if prompt and effective action on the part of the Government were assured, then, so far as he was concerned, any hostile amendment to the Address would fall to the ground; but they could and would not be satisfied with less.—At a meeting of the Farmers' Club, Mr. Druce read a paper on the Agricultural Holdings Act of last Session. Mr. Shaw Lefevre gave additional particulars of the intentions of the Government in passing this Act, and expressed his belief that it would be impossible for landlords to evade its provisions.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Our readers will certainly have in their remembrance the series of illustrations we gave, eighteen months or two years ago, of an expedition sent to the north-east region of Siberia, in hopes of discovering and relieving the survivors of the crew of the Jeannette (originally the Pandora) Arctic exploring vessel. She was dispatched by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of New York, in July, 1879, and was crushed by the ice, in June, 1881, forcing those on board to betake themselves in three boats to the nearest shore, at the mouth of the Lena. The boats were separated by accidents at sea, and one was lost; the first cutter, with Captain George De Long, Commander of the Jeannette, and thirteen other persons, reached the shore, but they all perished, except two seamen, of cold and hunger, in a most desolate place; the whale-boat, however, commanded by Engineer G. W. Melville, with Lieutenant Danenhower, Mr. Raymond Newcomb, the naturalist, and eight seamen got to land, and they were rescued by the natives of the country. Our Special Artist, accompanying Mr. J. P. Jackson, the agent of the *New York Herald*, met the survivors at Yakutsk, and got the earliest information concerning the fate of the whole party. We have now to notice the publication (by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) of two handsome volumes, *The Voyage of the Jeannette*, in which Mrs. De Long, the widow of the lamented commander, who was an officer of the United States Navy, has compiled all the existing records of this disastrous affair. Captain De Long's own Journal, which fills 725 pages, the greater part of the two volumes, terminates with the facsimile of his handwriting on those terrible last days of his life, Oct. 21 to Oct. 30, when he lay, with his dying companions, Mr. Ambler, the surgeon, Mr. Collins, the meteorologist, and the other unfortunate men—Walter Lee, George Boyd, Iversen, Heinrich Kaack, Adolf Dressler, Carl Görtz, and one or two more—starving to death in a wretched hole on the snow-covered bank of the river at Mat Vai. They had made a fire of drift-wood, and managed to boil some willow-tea, but had actually eaten the leather of their boots and parts of their deerskin wrappings. Once or twice they were able to shoot a ptarmigan and make a little soup, and they had a few doses of alcohol and glycerine, which just kept them alive in the last week. The end came on the 140th day, after quitting the vessel at sea, since which their boats had touched at several islands, and one had landed De Long's party on the Siberian mainland on Sept. 17. The painful interest of this narrative is enhanced by the minute precision of all its details, which prove Captain De Long (Lieutenant-Commander was his naval rank) to have been as good an officer, and as brave a man, as ever died in any service of war or peace. His body, and those of his comrades, are now on their way to America, in charge of officers of the United States Navy. His country should be proud of him, and his widow should be consoled, in some measure, by the fame of his noble conduct. The two men of this party who escaped, Nindemann and Noros, had been sent forward, on Oct. 9, in search of relief, and met some natives on the 22nd, but, not knowing the language, could not get them to go to the assistance of De Long; they arrived at the Russian station of Bulun on the 29th, and were joined, three days after, by Engineer Melville, whose party had come ashore in the whale-boat. He lost no time, though official permission and some other preparations were required, in starting on a journey of several hundred miles round the Lena Delta, to look for the commander's party, and was actually at Mat Vai on Nov. 49, passing close to the spot where they lay dead, but the deep snow concealed all traces of their fatal encampment. These volumes are adorned with steel-plate portraits of Captain De Long and Mr. James Gordon Bennett; a tinted lithograph from the sketch by our own Artist, Mr. A. Larsen, of the monumental cairn and cross where De Long was buried; and a great many wood-engravings. They are furnished also with excellent maps and plans, and tables of scientific observations.

The Palestine Exploration Fund has produced such large and valuable results, in augmenting our topographical and archaeological knowledge of the Land of Israel, and the adjacent parts of Syria and Arabia, that we do not scruple to recommend increased public liberality in donations and subscriptions, when any of its literary publications come before us. Captain C. R. Conder, R.E., the able commander of its surveying expeditions, whose "Tent Work in Palestine," from 1872 to 1875, was narrated in two very interesting volumes, printed under that title, which appeared five years ago, has now brought forward a sequel of not inferior value, called *Heth and Moab*; or, "Explorations in Syria in 1881 and 1882." It is published, in one volume, by Messrs. R. Bentley and Son. It is equally attractive with the preceding narrative as an account of personal experiences, and is probably of greater importance as throwing light upon some problems of ancient history which have occupied the attention of the learned. In this light, we should invite readers upon those subjects to notice Captain Conder's report of a visit to Kadesh, on the Orontes, the renowned city and fortress of the Hittites, who were conquered above thirty-two centuries ago by Rameses II., King of Egypt, an exploit that is pictorially displayed on the walls of Karnak and Abu Simbel. Another great city of that nation was at Carchemish on the Euphrates, which has recently been explored. The town of Homs or Emesa, notable in the history of the Crusades, is here particularly described, and is a place which may, perhaps, become more familiar to modern travellers by the projected Euphrates or Tigris Valley Railway. The site of Tyre and other Phoenician localities are delineated in the next chapter, after which the author passes eastward, beyond the Jordan, into the Hauran, the land of Silon, the land of Ammon, and the Moabite country, where the task of identifying places mentioned in the history of the people of Israel engages his attention. The panoramic view from the supposed Pisgah, on Mount Nebo, whence Moses is said to have beheld the Promised Land, is well put before the reader's intellectual vision; and we obtain some acquaintance with the presumed localities of Jacob's wanderings, and with those of the frequent wars of the rulers and Kings of Israel. "Rude stone monuments," bearing a general resemblance to corresponding relics of obscure antiquity in other parts of the world, "dolmens" and "menhirs" such as may be seen in the Mediterranean islands, in Brittany, and on the shores of North Britain, even in Norway, and on the coasts of the Baltic, are found in Eastern Syria; and their purpose is discussed by Captain Conder with much argumentative force. The remaining chapters are occupied with topics of a more lively complexion; the habits and manners of the native Syrian race, who retain many of their original Pagan superstitions; those of the different tribes, Bedawin, to Belka Arabs, still in a very wild condition; and the political prospects of Syria, upon which subject the writer lately contributed two or three instructive articles to the *Fortnightly Review*. His conclusion is practically in accordance with that which has been expressed by the best authorities with regard to Egypt: that the first thing needful is to remove all the Turkish, Kurdish, or Circassian official oppressors of the country, and that the Arab and native population must be raised to a capacity of rendering useful services to a just and impartial Government, which must be protected and assisted by the European Powers.

To be able to promise a reader plenty of entertainment is a pleasant position to be in, and that position the reviewer of *Savage Svânetia*: by Clive Phillipps-Wolley, F.R.G.S. (Richard Bentley), may confidently assume. Besides a very interesting narrative, abounding with adventure, there are some correspondingly interesting and curious illustrations. Whether the land be quite so unknown to travellers, whether the mountains be quite so untraversed by ambitious climbers, as the author would lead us to suppose, are questions which may be left to the Geographical Society and to the Alpine Club. The country, at any rate, may well be termed "savage"; and the same epithet may well be applied to the Svâns, its inhabitants. Svânetia is the name given to certain uncivilised districts of the Caucasus, districts so situated among the mountains that they can only be reached from the outer world—from comparatively civilised parts of the Russian empire—by passes which are not only few and difficult, but only available, such as they are, for three months in the year. If you are in Svânetia when the snow begins to fall, you may consider yourself booked for nine months of it, until the snow thaws and permits you to take your chance upon the roads, which are bad at the best. Nothing that is very good for man or beast can be made to grow in Svânetia; and the Svâns, whose villages, by-the-way, become isolated one from another in the winter, that is, apparently, for nine months, more or less, of the year, are not altogether desirable persons to sojourn among. Religion is to them of no account, and perhaps, in that respect, they do not differ much, save in outward profession, from people in general; there are no schools, so that parents and guardians must be at a loss for means of bestowing their children during the hours when they are not wanted at home; you are liable to be stoned if you go to church more than twice a year (for there are churches, though they are not as other churches, and there are priests, though they are not as other priests); marriage is very strangely managed, and frequently leads to bigamy and blood-feuds; open violence is not in fashion, but "a quiet shot at an unsuspecting enemy" is the favourite method of adjusting difficulties, though a "free fight" is by no means unheard of, and the use of the knife is not unknown; morality is not the strong point among either men or women; honesty is cultivated as regards small matters, so that petty larceny is conspicuous by absence, but there is prevalent, apparently, a sort of lordly disdain of "meum and tuum," such as was displayed by the Highland chieftain who saw no harm in "lifting" a neighbour's cattle, and, it may be, slaughtering his herdsmen; there is very little use of money, and so great a suspicion of "paper," that to get change for a three-rouble note is almost impossible; there are no games, there is no culture, there is no house better than a den, there is difficulty in obtaining tobacco (which is, perhaps, a misfortune), there are no strong drinks (which is, perhaps, anything but a misfortune), but there is hunting, and there is indiscriminate love-making, with the consequence of blood-feuds, and "a man who has had no share in a blood-feud is as little thought of as an unscarred student at Heidelberg." Surely, an interesting, if not an admirable race of men are the Svâns; a very strange country is the land they dwell in, and two very interesting volumes has our author written about the country and the people, and the sometimes perilous adventures that he encountered among them.

Handbooks on English Literature abound, but such graceful and attractive writing as Mr. John Dennis gives us in *Heroes of Literature: English Poets* (S.P.C.K., Northumberland-avenue) is too seldom seen. Mr. Dennis calls this collection of essays a "book for young readers," and we know no work more admirably adapted to quicken the intelligence and kindle the enthusiasm of the young. But the author's modest announcement must not be taken literally. Those who are acquainted with his "Studies of English Literature" (of which a new edition has lately appeared) will expect to find in the present volume suggestive and original criticism, expressed in pure and idiomatic English; and we can assure them that they will not be disappointed. To write at once pleasantly and learnedly about English poets is a matter of some difficulty. Our erudite professors need to be reminded of Horace's rule, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci." They heap fact upon fact, they weary us with dates, they give us tares for corn, they repel us by their hard and ungenial style. Mr. Dennis, on the other hand, has a persuasive manner; he engages our attention at starting and keeps it to the end. With his remarks on the Elizabethan poets we are not always inclined to agree. Those who have once felt the magic of Marlowe will regard as somewhat old-fashioned the statement that "many a gem of poetic beauty is hidden away" in the pages of the poet who stood nearest to Shakespeare; and such readers will be equally surprised to hear that Chapman's plays are "coarse and ignoble in conception." For Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton a far truer appreciation is shown. But it is in dealing with the eighteenth-century poets that Mr. Dennis appears at his best. The chapter on Thomson is delightful, and the remarks on Gray and Collins show nice discrimination. For Wordsworth the author has a profound admiration, but he does not pursue his admiration to idolatry. "Youthful readers of Wordsworth," he writes, "upon their first introduction to his works, are apt to lose patience. His defects are obvious to them; his transcendent merit as an interpreter of nature and of life is unperceived. He has passion, but the fire glowing in his pages never bursts into a blaze; he has the tenderest love for every simple object in nature, but his feelings are always uttered with reserve. His largest and most imaginative thoughts will escape the reader who is not also a student of his verse. But there is no poet who will better repay study, none more capable of affording exquisite delight." Shelley's supreme lyric power is fully recognised, but Mr. Dennis would have done well to draw attention to the fantastic charm and flawless workmanship of the "Witch of Atlas." The notice of Keats is very good, but very brief. For Cowper the writer shows more appreciation than for Burns; and the article on Southey is more instructive than that on Coleridge. But the reader, whether he agrees or not with Mr. Dennis in any particular instance, always feels that he is in the hands of a critic whose judgment is worth hearing, whose love of nature and art is sincere. Older readers will value this book for its purity of style and freedom from dogmatism; the young will find in it the interest and charm of a story-book.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

At Messrs. Goupil's Gallery, New Bond-street, is being shown the picture of "Psyché," by M. Jules Lefèvre, which was one of the attractions of the last Paris Salon. It illustrates lines by M. Emmanuel Ducros. Psyché, a very slender, young, nude figure, a star at her brow, sits on a rock, waiting for Charon. In her lap is the casket containing the "fate of the world"; and her eyes are fixed on the profound darkness brooding over Acheron, through which are faintly discernible forms of the wandering dead. We need not criticise this beautiful work, which will be known to many of our readers. We are glad to announce that it is to be engraved in pure line by M. François, and subscriptions are received by Messrs. Goupil.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty's Council, previous to the opening of Parliament, was held last Saturday at Osborne. Lord Carlingford, the Premier, and the Right Hon. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, being present. After the Council, the Queen's Speech, on the opening of the fifth Session of the present Parliament, was read; and the several Privy Councillors had audience of her Majesty. Subsequently Mr. W. Palgrave kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Monte Video, Princess Beatrice being with the Queen at the ceremony. The Duchess of Edinburgh, with her children, Prince Alfred and Princess Marie, Victoria, Melita, and Alexandra, arrived from Eastwell Park. Divine service was performed at Osborne on Sunday by the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng, her Majesty and the Royal family attending. Prince Louis of Battenberg arrived on Monday. Mr. George Glyn Petre was presented to the Queen, and kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Lisbon. Mr. Petre was included in the Royal dinner circle. The Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Louis of Battenberg drove to Ryde on Tuesday. Her Majesty has driven out daily. The Hon. and Rev. F. Byng and Mr. Gladstone have been among the Queen's dinner guests. Inquiries as to the state of Sir Bartle Frere have been telegraphed by her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen has become a member of the Royal and Central Bucks Agricultural Association, of which Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild is the president.

The Prince of Wales, who returned to Marlborough House from his visit at Leigh Court to Sir Philip Miles Miles, M.P., and Lady Miles, left for Sandringham yesterday week. A few guests passed a couple days with their Royal Highnesses. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Royal family and their party at St. Mary Magdalene's church in the park, the Rev. F. Hervey and Canon Farrar officiating. The Prince and Princess, with their daughters, came to town on Tuesday, the special train stopping at Cambridge, en route, when Prince Albert Victor came and had a few minutes' conversation with his parents. The Prince and Princess were present at the debate in the House of Lords in the evening.

Prince and Princess Christian have gone to Berlin on a visit to the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany.

The marriage of the Hon. William Warren Vernon, uncle of Lord Vernon, with Miss Eyre, youngest daughter of Mr. Eyre, of Welford, will take place at Mentone on the 25th inst.

Marriages are arranged between Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., of the 60th Rifles, and Miss Nina Lehmann, only daughter of Mr. Frederick Lehmann; between Mr. George Espey Manners, son of the late Lord George Manners and Lady Adeliza Manners, and Miss Anna Gilstrap, daughter of the late Mr. George Gilstrap; and between Mr. Frederick Scott Hohler, second son of Mr. Henry B. Hohler, of Fawkham Manor, Kent, and Frances Amelia, second daughter of Sir Jacob H. Preston, Bart., of Beeston Hall, Norfolk.

THE PEABODY FUND.

The nineteenth annual report of the Peabody Donation Fund has been issued by the trustees. The net gain for the year 1883 has been £25,252. The sum given and bequeathed by Mr. Peabody was in all £500,000; to which has been added money received for rent and interest, £329,863, making the total fund on Dec. 31 last £829,863. In addition to this, the capital account has been increased by £390,000 borrowed from the Public Works Loan Commissioners and others, of which sum there remains unpaid £361,333, bringing up the total capital to £1,191,197; the total expenditure to the end of the year being £1,089,883. During the past year the trustees opened thirty-three blocks of building, at Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, containing 1878 rooms, all of which are now occupied. Eleven blocks, to contain 514 rooms, are in course of erection at Pear-tree-court, Clerkenwell—the last of the six sites bought of the Metropolitan Board of Works—and will be ready for occupation by midsummer. The trustees will commence at an early date the erection of eight blocks of buildings at Little Coram-street, to contain 420 rooms. They will also, during the present year, build three blocks at Great Peter-street, Westminster, and begin four blocks on a plot adjoining their buildings at Islington. Up to the end of the year the trustees had provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 9693 rooms, exclusive of bath-rooms, laundries, and washhouses. These rooms comprise 4359 separate dwellings—say, seventy-three of four rooms, 1521 of three rooms, 2073 of two rooms, and 692 of one room—occupied by 18,009 persons. The rent in all cases includes the free use of water, laundries, sculleries, and bath-rooms, and ranges from 2s. to 3s. 6d. per room. Among the tenants the largest number of any class are labourers, who are 582; porters number 463; needlomen come next, being 277 in number; carmen are 201; charwomen, 181; printers, 124; and warehouse labourers, 150.

Lord Ravensworth has contributed £250 to the Bishop of Newcastle Fund.

The Cutlers' Company have voted 270 guineas for general charitable purposes.

Mr. Ruskin gave a lecture on Monday evening at the London Institution to a large audience on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century."

The salmon-fishing season for the year opened last Saturday for the rivers and estuaries of England and Wales, but, in consequence of the late storms and the flooded condition of most of the salmon rivers, very little netting was practicable.

On Monday the seventeenth annual exhibition of bicycles, tricycles, and accessories, promoted by the Stanley Club, was opened, amid successful surroundings, at the Floral Hall in Covent-garden, remaining open throughout the week.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the week ending Feb. 2, from the United States and Canada, amounted to 1741 cattle, 306 sheep, 75 hogs, 8370 quarters of beef, and 1042 carcasses of mutton.

A private meeting was held last Saturday evening at the house of Lord Archibald Campbell to inaugurate opposition to the proposal to abolish the Highland feather bonnet, which it was stated had been of the greatest use.

The United States House of Representatives has passed, by 184 against 78 votes, the bill for the relief of General FitzJohn Porter from the sentence passed upon him by a military court some years ago, depriving him of his rank in the United States army.—Mr. Irving and Miss Terry have closed an unusually successful engagement in Cincinnati. The entire Western trip has been successful in every way.—Mr. Matthew Arnold is lecturing in the Western cities.—Mr. Wendell Phillips, the Abolitionist orator, died at his residence in Boston last Saturday evening. He was in his seventy-third year. Mr. Phillips over-exerted himself at the unveiling of the monument of Harriet Martineau, and brought on an attack of *angina pectoris*, from which he died.—An accommodation train of three cars on the Indianapolis and Chicago Railroad broke through a bridge at White's Creek, near Indianapolis, last week. Part of the wreck was submerged; the other portion caught fire. Six persons were burnt or drowned, and nine others were injured.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 5.

The interminable Langlois interpellation on the industrial crisis finally came to an end on Saturday, when, in spite of the opposition of the Government, M. Clémenceau's proposition was adopted by 254 votes against 249. At the same time, in the Senate, the Government were defeated on the question of the federation of the professional syndicates. The Radicals imagined that this double check implied the resignation of the Cabinet. M. Ferry, however, has not yet resigned, nor does he intend to resign. M. Clémenceau's proposition appoints a commission of forty-four members to inquire into the industrial and agricultural situation of France. In point of fact, this is the accepted Parliamentary way of burying a question; it is the confession on the part of the Radicals that they are unable to suggest a solution of the problem which the Chamber has been called upon to discuss; and therefore, from this point of view, it is really a success for the Government. M. Ferry, in opposing the proposition, simply preferred the interests of the Chamber and of the country to those of the Cabinet. He combated the commission of inquiry because he was convinced of its uselessness, and of its being simply a waste of time and labour for the deputies. M. Ferry, then, remains at his post.

The *Journal Officiel* publishes the decree relative to the new Three per Cent Loan of 350 millions of francs, in conformity with the law of Jan. 30, 1884. The subscription will open on Feb. 12, and close the same day. The price of issue will be 76f. 60c. for 3f. Rente. The new loan is to be paid off in sixty-nine years, running from April 16, 1884. It is interesting to note that during the thirty years that have elapsed since the first State loan raised by public subscription in 1854, the amount subscribed for loans has been 14 milliards 205 millions of francs. Of the eleven loans that made up this total, one alone, that of 1870, was covered with difficulty; generally, the sum demanded has been covered many times over.

The last of the great figures of the Second Empire, M. Eugène Rouher, died last Sunday, after an illness of six months, at the age of sixty-nine. M. Rouher up to the last was the incarnation of the doctrines of the régime of which he had been the Vice-Emperor. The Napoleonic régime never had a more faithful or, in appearance at least, a more sincere advocate; he shared the splendours of the Empire; and after its fall he did not despair until the death of the Emperor and Prince Louis convinced him that his mission was at an end. Even then, although he retired from public life, he continued to aid the Bonapartists with his advice; and if the young Prince Victor still finds the nucleus of a party to support his pretensions, he owes the existence of that party to M. Rouher. To call M. Rouher a statesman is perhaps an exaggeration; he was rather the business man, the faithful steward of the Empire, an instrument, the advocate, the lawyer of Napoleon III., a great worker, a man who did not take undue advantage of his position to enrich himself, a servitor of unbounded devotion, but not a statesman. Sadoua, the Mexican Expedition, and his policy after Jan. 19 are there to prove that M. Rouher had none of the qualities of a statesman. The funeral will take place with great pomp on Thursday, and as Mr. Rouher was Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour and had filled the highest offices of State under the Empire, the Republic will find itself obliged by the etiquette of State to render complete military honours to the man who was the greatest enemy of the Republic. Those who wish to study the physiognomy of public life under the Vice-Emperor, may read Emile Zola's novel "Son Excellence Eugène Rouher," in whom are personified many of the traits of M. Rouher.

M. Massenet's opera "Hérodiade," originally played in French at Brussels two years ago, has been produced in Italian at the Théâtre Italien with immense success. The singers are Mesdames Fidès-Devières and Tremelli and MM. Edouard and Jean de Retzé. The opera is really a fine work, from the musical point of view. The only question is, Why produce a French opera in Italian? And the only reply is, That otherwise it would be impossible to charge 25f. for an orchestra stall.—The picture exhibitions are coming thick upon us, and, for want of space, the critic must be content with a mere enumeration: water colours at the Société d'Aquarellistes; portraits, studies, and small pictures at the clubs in the Rue Volney and the Place Vendôme; drawings of the masters of the century, from Fragonard up to Bastien-Lepage, at the Ecole du Beaux Arts; and in prospect an exhibition of pastels by General Cluseret, the hero of the Commune, who has taken to studying art in his old age. Finally, at the Hôtel Drouot there is the sale of the pictures of the late Edouard Manet, which has created a sensation in the artistic world. The pictures of the celebrated impressionist have fetched quite high prices. The first day's sale produced 72,000f. for eighty numbers, the least important of the collection.

T. C.

On Monday the Municipal Casino at Nice was opened with a concert in the afternoon and a fête in the evening.

The Portuguese Chamber of Deputies has passed, by 101 votes to 5, the Bill authorising the amendment of certain articles of the Constitution.

The opening on Saturday last of the extension of the railway line from Rome to Frascati, which by steep gradients continues now from the level of Campagna up to the gate of the town, was the occasion of great festivities at Frascati.

The German Emperor gave a dinner at Berlin on Sunday night in honour of Prince and Princess Christian and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The latter was present last Saturday with the Crown Prince and Princess William at the Deutsches Theatre. The annual subscription ball, which for the public at large forms the main event of the Berlin season, was held on Tuesday evening in the Opera House. The Emperor and his family appeared in the Royal boxes at about nine, and opened the dancing by descending and walking round the ball-room in the manner of a polonaise—first the Emperor, with Princess Christian; then Prince Christian, with the Crown Princess, followed by the Crown Prince, with his daughter-in-law, Princess William; then Prince William, with his eldest sister, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

The Norwegian Storting was opened by the King at Christiania on Saturday last. The Queen and Prince Eugene were present. The Speech from the Throne contained no reference to home policy, but stated that the receipts of the country are increasing, and that it had been found possible to draw up the Budget without recourse being had to new or increased taxation.

A Reuter's telegram from Brisbane, dated Feb. 5, states:—The Hon. J. R. Dickson, Colonial Treasurer of Queensland, has introduced his financial statement in the Legislative Assembly. The revenue for the financial year 1882-3 was £2,380,000, and the expenditure £2,070,000. The surplus on July 1 was £311,000. The revenue for the half-year ending Dec. 31 last amounted to £1,350,000, and the expenditure to £1,130,000. The total surplus was £529,000. The treasurer estimates the revenue for the current year at £2,500,000,

and the expenditure at £2,410,000. Of the surplus for 1882-3, £150,000 will be devoted to immigration purposes, and the balance to public works. The treasurer declared the condition of the colony to be prosperous.

Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, has introduced in the Dominion Parliament the resolution in regard to the Canadian Pacific Railway, asking the House to authorise a loan to the company of 22,500,000 dols., bearing interest at 5 per cent, to be repaid by May 1, 1891.—The Premier of Manitoba has arrived at Ottawa, accompanied by a member of the Manitoban Legislative Assembly, and has submitted to the Dominion Government a memorial setting forth the requirements of that province.—Lord Lansdowne has received an address from the Legislature of British Columbia asking Parliament to restrict Chinese immigration.—The Ice Carnival at Montreal opened with brilliant weather and an immense attendance on Tuesday. The great feature of the day was the reception of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. They arrived in the afternoon, and were met at the station by the Mayor and the members of the City Council, a military escort, and thousands of the citizens.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Another terrible military disaster, which seems fatal to the last remaining expectation of any recovery of Egyptian dominion in the Soudan, has this week befallen the small remnant of the Khedive's army. General Baker Pasha (formerly Colonel Valentine Baker) was utterly defeated last Monday and put to flight with the slaughter of half his troops, in an attempted advance from Trinkitat, on the Red Sea coast, south of Souakin, to relieve the besieged Egyptian garrison of Tokar. The enemy with whom he had to fight consisted of the hostile Arab tribes, led by the chief named Osman Digna, an ally or subordinate of the Mahdi, engaged for some time past in besieging the forts of Sinkat and Tokar, distant respectively about twenty and fifty miles from the sea-port of Souakin, the first-mentioned place being to the west of Souakin, and the other to the south. There is no apparent possibility now of retaking either of those forts; but Souakin, to which port the Egyptian force is henceforth confined, is not in any immediate danger. The garrison of Sinkat, under Tewfik Bey, attempted on Tuesday to get away to Souakin, but was attacked and entirely destroyed, to the number of four hundred men.

We present in this week's Number and Extra Supplement of our Journal a variety of Illustrations, from Sketches by our Special Artist with the staff of General Baker Pasha on the east coast of the Soudan, showing the incidents that had taken place in the preliminary operations for the relief of the besieged Egyptian garrisons at Sinkat and Tokar. Many difficulties and delays have attended the task of Baker Pasha, with his small mixed body of Egyptian irregular troops, comprising the black men, slaves of Zobeir Pasha and natives of the remoter provinces of the Soudan, who have been sent from Cairo to serve in this expedition, but whom their master has not been permitted to accompany, since little confidence is put in his loyalty and fidelity to the Khedive's Government. One of our Illustrations represents the camp of these wild African soldiery at the Suez docks, on the 21st ult., before they embarked for conveyance down the Red Sea to Souakin. They were very unwilling to serve the Egyptian Government, and refused at first to start by the railway from Cairo for Suez; it was not until they were forced, and threatened with an attack by three squadrons of cavalry brought into the train. By the 25th, however, they were all landed at Souakin, to the number of fourteen hundred, making a considerable addition to Baker Pasha's little army, consisting before of two or three thousand Egyptian gendarmerie and a few Turks or Albanians, horse and foot, with some field artillery. Baker Pasha was thus enabled, having already made a reconnaissance on the 22nd, and again on the 24th, on the roads from Souakin towards Sinkat and Tokar, to undertake more active movements; and he decided upon landing the better part of his force at a place called Trinkitat, some distance to the south of Souakin, with a view to advance from Trinkitat to Tokar, about eighteen miles inland. He calculated that the effect of this movement would be to cause the enemy, the hostile Arabs led by Osman Digna, to withdraw some part of their force from besieging Sinkat, and so to give the starving garrison a chance of getting out, or at least of obtaining a supply of food. If the enemy on the road from the sea to Tokar should engage in battle, it was hoped that a defeat in that quarter might effect the deliverance of Tokar, and possibly result in the total dispersion of the hostile tribes.

The small map in this paper shows the situation of Tokar and Sinkat with regard to Souakin (or Suakin, as the name is often spelt); and it is stated that the enemy's force was divided into three parties; 4000 besieging Tokar and 3000 besieging Sinkat, while Osman Digna, with another party of 3000, was moving between those two places, in the hill country, where his movements could not be watched by Baker Pasha's spies. On Sunday evening, Baker Pasha having brought his troops by sea from Souakin, and landed under the protection of H.M.S. Ranger, his force of 3600 men, with a field-battery of four Krupp guns and two Gatlings, encamped two miles from Trinkitat. On Monday morning, at seven o'clock, they began their march over an open country, with scattered patches of scrub and thorn, mimosa, and other prickly shrubs. The order of march was formed with three battalions of infantry, *en échelon*, marching in columns of companies; the artillery and cavalry on the front and flanks, and cavalry vedettes extending all round, at points a mile distant from the main body; in the rear were 300 laden camels. The European officers with Baker Pasha were Colonel Hay, acting as Chief of the Staff; Major-General Sartorius, commanding the infantry; Major Giles, commanding the Turkish cavalry; Morice Bey of the gendarmerie, as paymaster; Colonel Burnaby; Dr. Leslie, the medical officer; Major Harvey; Mr. Bewley, chief of the transport; Captain Forester Walker; Major Ruca; Lieutenants Carroll, Smith, Watkins, Bertin, Cavalieri, and Morisi; and four English sergeants. The special correspondents of the *Standard* and *Daily News* were with the army, and two German photographers; but our own Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, had been laid up by an accident, and was left in the hospital at Souakin.

The fatal conflict took place near the Wells of Teb, seven miles from Trinkitat, early in the forenoon. It was nearly the identical spot where the Egyptian troops and Bashi Bazouks, under Mohammed Tahir Pasha, were routed in December, when Captain Moncrieff, the British Consul at Souakin, was killed. Between eight and nine in the morning, as the troops advanced, various parties of the enemy were seen, which retired slowly upon the approach of the cavalry skirmishers, and a few rounds of shell were fired at them. The weather was dull, with stormy showers of rain, which obscured the view of the country in front. We proceed to quote the narrative telegraphed by the *Standard* correspondent:—

"The enemy now gathered thickly and advanced towards us, and at nine o'clock showed in considerable force on some slightly-rising ground, near the water springs, while on our left front I could see clumps of spears with bannerets partially concealed amidst the hillocks and bushes. Our guns again



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: RECEPTION OF THE HOLY SHEIKH, SYUD OSMAN EL MAGHRANI, BY BAKER PASHA AT SOUAKIM.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

opened fire; but the shell seemed to pass over the enemy's heads. The force was now ordered to advance; but as soon as they got into movement the clumps of spears were no longer to be seen. When our cavalry skirmishers reached the spot they were soon hotly engaged, and could be seen firing wildly in all directions from the saddle. Presently about a dozen Arabs, riding bare-backed on wiry little horses, appeared from behind a hillock, and coolly galloped round our right flank, within three hundred yards of our cavalry on that side. They passed along parallel to our column, with the evident intention of gauging its strength and disposition. The General ordered the Turkish Cavalry to charge them and cut them off. After a hot chase they got away; but as the Turks rode back again towards the column, they again appeared, and this time galloped across our front and round to the left.

"Whilst our attention was distracted from the front by this incident, a sudden commotion arose in the midst of our cavalry skirmishers on our left flank. The enemy must for some time have been lying concealed close to them. The Arabs now sprang to their feet, and with wild cries charged the Egyptian horsemen. These at once turned rein, and came galloping in, in a wild and disorderly fashion.

"Just before this, I had ridden along by the infantry column, and I saw that it was advancing in the most disorderly manner. There was no sign of discipline or steadiness; it was a mere armed mob tramping along. I was convinced that they would break at the first charge. As the cavalry rode wildly in, the order was given for the infantry to form square—a manœuvre in which they had been daily drilled for weeks. At this crisis, however, the dull, half-disciplined mass failed to accomplish it. Three sides were formed after a fashion, but on the fourth side two companies of the Alexandria Regiment, seeing the enemy coming on leaping and brandishing their spears, stood like a panic-stricken flock of sheep, and nothing could get them to move into their place. Into the gap thus left in the square the enemy poured, and at once all became panic and confusion. The troops fired indeed, but for the most part straight into the air. The miserable Egyptian soldiers refused even to defend themselves, but throwing away their rifles, flung themselves on the ground, and grovelled there, screaming for mercy. No mercy was given, the Arab spearmen pouncing upon them and driving their spears through their necks or bodies. Nothing could surpass the wild confusion, camels and guns mixed up together, soldiers firing in the air, with wild Arabs, their long hair streaming behind them, darting among them hacking and thrusting with their spears. The right side of the square was not at first assailed, but kept up a continuous fire towards their front, which killed many of our own cavalry, two being killed close beside me.

"While the charge had been made by the enemy on the left flank, General Baker with his Staff were out with the cavalry in front. Upon riding back they found that the enemy had already got between them and the column. They at once charged them and cut their way through, but not without several being killed, amongst them Abdul Rusac, the chief Egyptian staff officer. On nearing the square, the General had to run the gauntlet of the fire of the Egyptians in front, who, regardless of what was going on around them, were blazing away in their front. When the General reached the square the enemy had already broken it up, and it was clear that all was lost.

"General Sartorius with his staff had been in the inside of the square when the enemy burst into it. They in vain tried to rally the panic-stricken Egyptians, and were so closely

cooped in by the huddled mass of soldiers that, for a time, they were unable to extricate themselves. When, at last, the Arab spearmen had thinned the throng of Egyptians, they succeeded in breaking out and in cutting their way through the enemy. It now became a total rout, the shattered column streaming across the plain towards Trinkitat, preceded by the flying cavalry, the enemy pressing hotly on the rear of the infantry, and slaughtering at will. All mounted men unable to ride well were dismounted by the rush of the flying horsemen, and killed. So for five miles the flight and pursuit were kept up. The Massowah black battalion behaved well, and for a portion of the distance retired steadily, firing volleys into the enemy. Zobeir's blacks were undrilled, and hardly able to fire their rifles; they bolted as promptly as did the Egyptians.

"When the earthwork was reached where we had encamped the night before, the General made great efforts to protect the rear of the flying fugitives by a charge of the Turkish cavalry, with a few Egyptian horsemen whose flight had been stopped by the officers, but nothing could induce them to charge. However, the General got them to form in line at the earthwork, and to halt facing the enemy. The pursuit then ceased, the enemy doubtless being afraid of the fire of the ships, but in fact no gun-boat was in the harbour, the Admiral having ordered away the Decoy on the previous day.

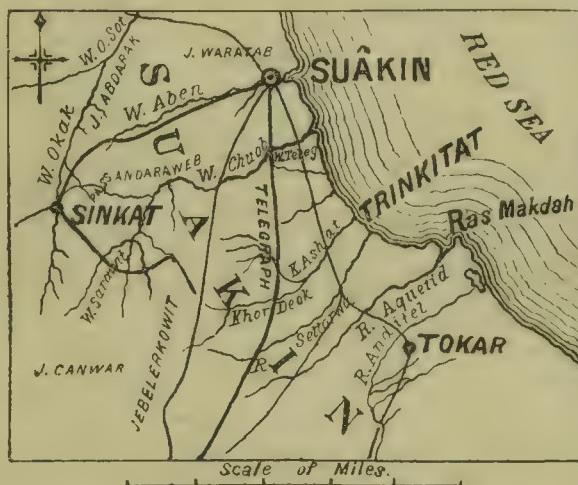
"When the pursuit ceased, the weary fugitives, horse and foot, with many riderless horses here and there among them, made their way across the two intervening miles of deep mud to Trinkitat. On reaching the shore they would have crowded into the few boats there and swamped them, had not the English officers, revolver in hand, kept them back. Then, as it was found that the enemy had really ceased in the pursuit, the panic subsided. All night long the work of embarkation continued. The General, the European officers, and the crews of the English ships worked unceasingly in getting on board the men, horses, and baggage. Not one Egyptian officer lent his aid to keep order or to help in the work of embarkation. By morning all were on board, and we were then able to see what the loss really was." Of the whole force which had marched this morning, two thousand were killed; the artillery, camels, and baggage were captured by the enemy, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition. General Baker Pasha, Colonel Hay, Major Giles, Major Harvey, Colonel Burnaby, and Mr. Bewley escaped. Among those killed, or missing and supposed to be killed, are Morice Bey, Dr. Leslie, Captain Forestier Walker, Captain Cavalieri, Captain Watkins, Lieutenant Carroll, Captains Bertin and Morisi, and several other European officers, with the four English sergeants, and the Italian police officers. The Turkish troops were almost entirely destroyed, only thirty of one battalion surviving, and the regiment of four hundred from Sanheet, on the Abyssinian frontier, was reduced to seventy. It is believed that the number of the enemy actually engaged in this fight was less than that of Baker Pasha's force.

The remnant of the army was brought back to Souakim on Tuesday, in six ships, and Admiral Hewett has landed 150 seamen and marines from the British gun-boats to assist in protecting that town. Colonel Harington had been left in command of the garrison during Baker Pasha's absence with the field force. The Sinkat garrison, as above mentioned, were slaughtered to a man in their attempt to get away.

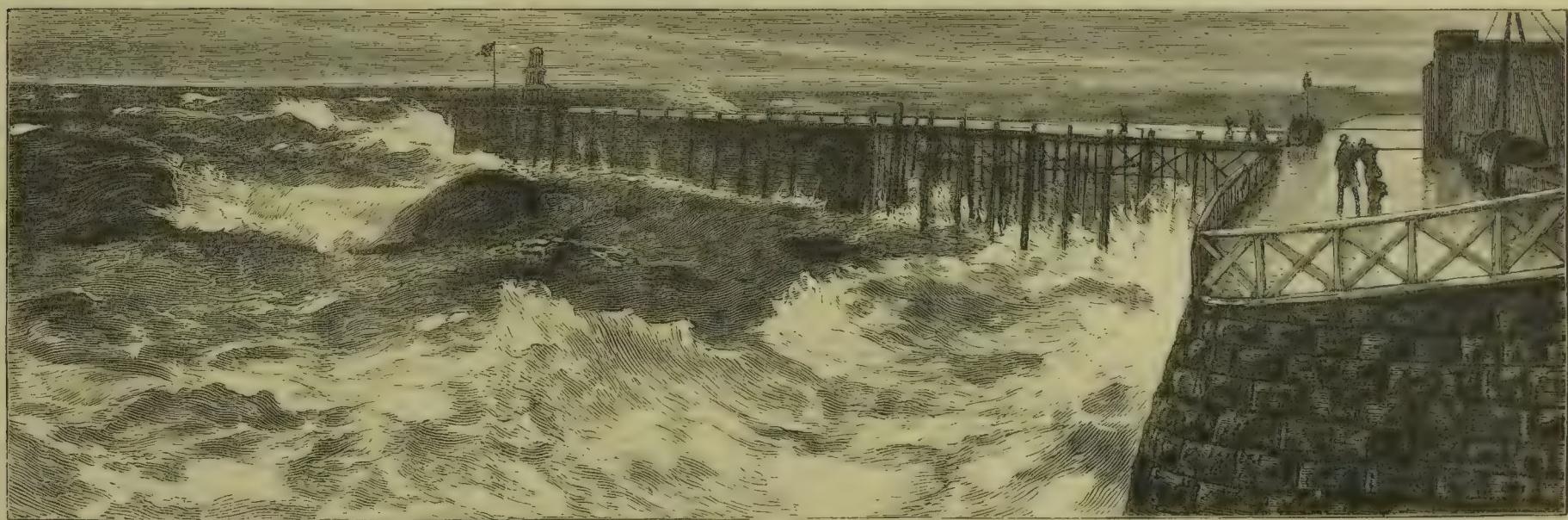
General Gordon arrived at Korosko last Saturday, and started thence on his journey across the Desert; he expected to reach Berber in five days, on his way to Khartoum.



GENERAL BAKER PASHA,
COMMANDING THE EGYPTIAN ARMY IN THE SOUDAN.



PLAN OF THE DISTRICT ABOUT TOKAR.



THE SEA AT FOLKESTONE PIER BEFORE THE APPLICATION OF THE OIL.



THE SEA AFTER THE APPLICATION OF THE OIL.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

On Tuesday week, some experiments were made from Folkestone pier and beach illustrative of the effect of oil upon rough sea, as carried out by the Shields Patent. The company present included Lord Alfred Churchill, Lord Ashley, R.N., Admiral Sir G. Richards, Admiral Ward, Captain the Hon. F. Maud, Captain the Hon. H. Chetwynd, Sir Edmund Henderson, Colonel Webber, R.E., Captain Langdon, R.N., Captain Boxer, R.N., Dr. Macartney, and Mr. Chang, of the Chinese Embassy. The life-boat, fully manned, was used to test the difference between the ordinary sea and the oiled surface. There was stiff breeze from the south-west, and the sea was tolerably lumpy, with a strong tide running eastward. Twenty-five gallons of oil were forced through a pipe laid 500 ft. westward, which rapidly spread on the surface, and for ten minutes its effect could be seen in no broken water appearing anywhere within the oily area. The crested waves rolled up to the outer edge, and then subsided into a swell. The current in a very short time carried the oil a mile to the eastward in line with the end of the pier, and this acted as a breakwater, so that the broken water on the land side gradually became much smoother. An adjournment was subsequently made to the beach, where some patent shells containing a gallon of oil were fired seawards from a mortar. These burst, and the oil was distributed on the surface with a similar calming effect. A long flexible hose was also projected into the sea, through which oil could be pumped if necessary. Both shells and hose are intended to be used in the case of stranded vessels.

Mr. Brandram announces a series of his ever-welcome recitals on Tuesday afternoons at Willis's Rooms, beginning next Tuesday with Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

The free schools for instruction in water-colour art, which have been organised by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, were opened on Monday, in the studios attached to the Working Men's College in Great Ormond-street. Mr. J. D. Linton and Mr. Alfred Parsons are the first of the members to whom the task of teaching has fallen. There are at present about thirty students. The teaching is gratuitous, but is given only to those who have already reached a fair standard of proficiency.

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Four Songs, composed by G. J. Bennett, and published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., may be commended for their graceful flow of melody and musicianly accompaniments. Their titles are "The Child's First Grief," "The Village Maid," "To me, fair friend," and "I think of thee." The same publishers have also issued six "Feuilles d'Album," consisting of pieces by well-known composers effectively transcribed by E. Hatzfeld for violin, or violoncello, or flute, with pianoforte accompaniment. They will prove acceptable to amateurs of the instruments named.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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CHAPTER XI.



HE confession of failure can never, under any circumstances, be other than disagreeable; but such a confession becomes doubly unpleasant when it has to be made to those of a man's own household.

There were many things Gorman Muir would have preferred to returning home and telling his father that Mr. Baird had seemed more inclined to flout than to favour him. The news that he was in disgrace must, the young fellow fancied, have flown from Kilkenny to Derry; at all events, the fact met him the moment he crossed Mr. Baird's threshold.

"If you are wise you will try to make matters up with your uncle," said that gentleman. "As for an agency, Mr. Trevasson would have helped you to that or anything else in reason."

The cold shoulder is not a palatable dish; and Gorman had almost too much of it. In every possible form it was served up for his delectation. No matter where he went or what he applied for, a morsel of the abhorred food was thrust under his nose. Those acquainted with his origin had grudged him his prosperity; and now he was down many a foot was raised to give him a sly or open kick. As a matter of course, the Gormans had never looked kindly upon Mr. Trevasson's adoption scheme; and there was rejoicing all through their borders when they heard the gates of Mount Michael were closed upon the son of Hewson Muir.

Gorman had not been accustomed to such diet as was now provided for him, and he made creditable efforts to refuse it. All in vain, however. The story of Mr. Muir's marriage, more than a quarter of a century old though it was, might have been a perfectly fresh tale, so frequently was it repeated, so eagerly was it listened to.

The son of that ill-assorted union had better have stayed away from Derry, where all the facts were as well known as the appearance of the cathedral clergy. In provincial towns a scandal never dies; and upon the ins and outs of the Muir-Gorman alliance, nine-and-twenty years' gossip had conferred a dramatic and unholy immortality. It was there Gorman heard the whole story in its integrity; there, for the first time, he saw the broad lands and stretching moors of Clonmellin; there he sat in the bailiff's house whence his grandfather had

been driven in disgrace; there, by feeing the housekeeper, he was permitted—an unknown stranger—to walk through the rooms where Miss Katty, the gipsy, as she was still called, had danced and laughed, and deceived the "old lady," and gone out for the last time, cursed by her father, in company with a man who was "no fit match for such as her."

There, also, he met with one of his cousins "over for the shooting"—a tall, lanky-looking fellow, with long face, small shrewd blue eyes, and hair as nearly red as hair can be—who directed him on his road, unwitting they were of the smallest kin to one another. An alien and a stranger, he paced the seashore over which, with girlish glee, his mother had once watched the white-lipped waves chasing each other.

He felt lonely in his very soul. Had there been one to say, "God save you kindly," or "Welcome to the old place," he could have borne it better. It was the sense of utter desolation, the feeling that none knew, none cared what had become of Catherine Gorman's child, which seemed to kill all manliness within him. As he looked out over the Atlantic lying still and peaceful like a giant asleep, he could have wept tears saltier than the salt sea's brine, thinking of the mother he had never known, and his own past, which could come back no more. A few months previously what had he not been; what had he not hoped; what had he not expected; and now—now—with an impatient gesture, he dug his heel into the shingle, remembering all that brief time had taken from him. He was an outcast from the home and the rank to which he had been accustomed since childhood. He was too old to take life in his hand and go out to meet fortune. He had been brought up to great expectations, and behold! in a moment, those expectations resolved themselves into fifty pounds, and a possible thousand to the back of them.

Like his poor young dead mother, to whom such terribly bitter fortune—all of her own choosing—came before she had counted one-and-twenty years, he had heard the portals of "home" clang behind him, and listened to the echoes of a curse that still seemed to float around his head.

He remained mooning about Derry and its neighbourhood longer than the hospitality extended to him or the slender state of his purse seemed to warrant, merely because he could not summon up courage to return to Ardilaw.

Though far from happy in the maiden city, he knew he was less miserable there than must prove to be the case under his father's roof. He had been prepared to meet with many things certain to be antagonistic to every taste and habit of his previous life; but he found it wellnigh impossible to think with equanimity of the man who called him son, and who at length urged his return home, saying,

"You're just spending your substance for naught up where you are now. Better come back, and we'll try whether there is nothing you can get to do in Down. Mr. Garnsey will give you a commission that may put a few pounds in your pocket. As for going to Dublin, as you talk of—go if you like, but take Ardilaw in your way. I mean to try and get the most of the corn cut next week. If the weather holds up, the crop

needn't be despised. No word from your uncle yet. I am afraid you have nothing in writing about that thousand pounds."

"No," said Gorman, when Mr. Muir repeated this question verbally; "I have nothing in writing; and, moreover, if I had, I would not enforce my claim."

"It is little use putting yourself out about what you might do, as it does not lie in your power to do anything," commented Mr. Muir, with exasperating coolness. "And there's no call to get angry with me because I ask you a simple question. I don't throw it up to you that your luck's out at elbows. That's not exactly your own fault. All that troubles me now is what you are to turn to."

"I wish to heaven I knew," said his son.

"You know you are more than welcome here; but—"

"I could not remain here idle; it would kill me."

"I see that—and I see, too, you've been brought up with the idea of doing no work which is not pleasure. It's a very good notion of life in its way, but I am afraid it won't find a man in virtuous and pocket money for all that."

"I am quite willing to work. I'll follow the plough, if need be," said Gorman, with some temper.

"We won't begin ploughing much before November, but you can try you hand then if you like," answered Mr. Muir, drily.

"I will go to Dublin first, and see whether there is not any chance of an agency."

"Best keep your travelling expenses in your pocket," advised his father. "Who have you got that you could go to outside your uncle's friends, and you know what they'll say to you. The wisest thing for you to do is, lie quiet for a bit and keep out of sight and hearing of the old man's acquaintances till he begins to be anxious about you. There are things to be done hereabouts, if you'd only do them—and money to be made, granting you were willing to make it."

"If you wish me to turn horse-dealer, of course I ought to raise no objection."

"Man alive! only to hear you. Horse-dealer, indeed! And if you were a horse-dealer, come to that, where would be the disgrace? Why look at old Cleery, out on the road to Comber—you've seen the fine house he has built himself, with the big greenhouse full of flowers, and his daughters able to play and sing and talk French, and they dress as well as the Marchioness, though, of course, there's a something about them by which you can tell they're not just real born ladies—well, he started in life as stable-boy at Purdy's Burn, but he'd a taste for horses and a judgment about them, and has worked himself up and on till he's made himself what you see!"

"A pattern for imitation," said Gorman, with grim distinctness.

"His name is in everything about. His Lordship's agent has always a civil word for him. It's Cleery this and Cleery the other; and "What do you think of 'the favourite'?" or "Why are they laying such odds against King at Arms?" No, you needn't wrinkle up your brow and let down your

mouth. I don't say you would be proud of notice like that, but if you had not been brought up soft you would know it is scarce to be despised."

"I am afraid I could not hope to emulate the extraordinary success Mr. Cleery has achieved," remarked Gorman, his voice sounding hoarse and hard as he spoke.

"You might do something, at any rate," answered Mr. Muir, too wise to take any notice of the bitter ring in his son's tones. "Mr. Garnsey made you a fair offer; and I'm very sure there was nothing in his offer the best gentleman in the land need have drawn a throw mouth over."

"I shall be glad to accept Mr. Garnsey's offer," said Gorman, slowly. "Beggars, you know, must not be choosers."

"If I was young like you, if I had a face such as yours, and a figure such as yours, and ways such as yours, it's not of beggars or beggary I'd be talking," exclaimed Mr. Muir. "I'd be casting about instead to see where there was a young woman possessed of a fine fortune and the best of relations, and, when I found out, ask her to be my wife."

"Ay, indeed?"

"Faith, and indeed; and you wouldn't have far to look. Up at Beechfield there's just the wife for you, if you don't let her slip. An only daughter, too—and never a son!" with which final statement Mr. Muir felt so charmed he had to stop in his discourse and laugh to himself, the while Gorman regarded him with abhorrent astonishment.

"I hate Miss Garnsey," he said, at last, "a degree more than I do Mr. Garnsey. I think him the greatest blackguard I ever spoke to, and I consider his daughter the least feminine woman a man need desire to meet."

"What ails you at her? You might travel Down through, you might travel Ireland through, before you'd meet with a better-natured, freer-spoken young woman than Miss Lydia Garnsey."

"The Lord be praised for that, at any rate."

"I'd have thought, now, she and you would have hit it off from the first minute you met. She's not to say handsome, I allow; but by the time a man's married three months he finds looks make little odds to him; no, not if a woman was Venus herself—and—"

"Look here," interposed Mr. Gorman Muir. "If we are to agree, let us keep clear of the subject of matrimony altogether."

"Well, well; I see you are hard to drive"—

"I am, and the devil himself couldn't lead me along any road at the end of which I might have to take Miss Garnsey for better or worse. I'll do what her father wants, as it may please you; but I wouldn't marry that girl if she was hung with diamonds."

"I wonder what you want. She's good to the poor, and she's fit to consort with the rich. It does not signify a farthing to her whether there's fever or smallpox in any house, in she goes with her little can of soup, or pot of jelly, or custard pudding or—"

"What she does or leaves undone is nothing to me."

"Faith, you are hard-mouthed, Gorman. I wonder what's the sort of bit you would answer to. It is quite unreasonable the way you talk, about a girl, too, who can go across country like a bird. Where would you find her like in the saddle?"

"Nowhere, I hope," retorted Gorman. "It's no use, I tell you, talking about Miss Garnsey to me. If ever I start a wife—which is most unlikely—I'll look out for a woman who can talk about something else than horses and dogs—a quiet girl, who would be ashamed to joke with grooms and helpers and vets, as Miss Garnsey does."

"Whoever you marry, man, steer clear of the quiet ones. Why, my third wife, Carline's mother, was as quiet-looking and soft-spoken a creature as ever made a man's life a terror to him. Well I mind the first hour I ever set eyes on her. It was very early of a summer's morning, in the first part of June. The dew was not off the grass, and the hawthorn was in full flower; the air was laden with it. I was living at Kilmoon then, and had to be in Donaghadee by seven, and so started off betimes. There were not many stirring on the road, and I was driving steady, for I knew the mare would have a hard time of it before our day's work was done; when, just as I was passing Summerfield, I saw a female sitting on the bank in a bare place of the hedge."

Mr. Muir paused. For his son's edification, he had raised a ghost from out the past, and he did not seem to like its aspect.

"And she was?"

"Carline's mother. Some day, maybe, I'll tell you the whole story, though I have never cared to talk much about the three years I passed with her. What I started to say was, give the woman that speaks low and slow—scarce raising her voice above a quiet whisper—the widest berth you can manage. The Atlantic wouldn't be too much space to keep between you. Miss Garnsey mightn't be just to your mind; but, at any rate, you see in the first ten minutes all the harm there's in her. As for the good, that story couldn't be told out in a day. There's not an old wife for miles round but could find something to say to her credit."

"When is Carline coming home?" asked Mr. Gorman Muir, who put the question, not because he felt anxious for his sister's return, but simply for the reason that he desired to end the Miss Garnsey controversy.

"I'm not just sure," answered the farmer. "If it suits Mrs. Sinton to keep her, I'd like well for her to stop where she is till all is settled for the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"Why, hers. She has been promised for the last two years to young Robert Cragland. He has been away in Dumfries-shire, learning more about sheep and such like than he could do here; and his father and me weren't able to agree exactly about the money I am to pay down with Carline. I have made up my mind, though, now to stretch a point and give what he wants—for I couldn't and wouldn't be troubled looking after her here. A husband is the fittest person to see a woman keeps straight."

"She is certainly very pretty," remarked Gorman, thinking he was expected to say something.

"She's not bad looking," agreed Mr. Muir; "and, though she does not strain after her mother in her ways, yet I shall never feel quite easy about her now. There's always somebody to put notions in a foolish girl's head; and the lesson she got over the Ensign may not last her as long as it should."

"What did the Ensign do?"

"Why, he got making love to her; and they began writing to one another on the sly, and making appointments to meet, unknown, as they thought, to anybody. A hint was given me, so I came back one day, and made a third in the party. I asked him a few plain questions that he could not exactly answer, and I compelled the girl to stop and hear him confess what a hound he was. That's why I sent her away. As for the Ensign, I thought it best to clench that nail; so I made it my business to see his Colonel, and get my gentleman leave for awhile."

"Why did you not send for me?" exclaimed Gorman. "I'd have taught him a lesson he wouldn't have forgotten in a hurry. It's not too late to horsewhip him now."

"Just you sit quiet. There's no need to distress yourself. If I'd thought a flogging was the best thing, I could have laid

into him myself, but I wanted no stir made over the matter. Old Cragland was never to say too sweet about the match, and Carline's not likely to fall in with so good a chance again. Upon the whole, I think I'll bring her home soon. If she stops away too long people might begin to talk, and I don't think anybody will come skulking round the place for a while, at any rate."

"He'd better not," said Gorman, "if he has any respect for his bones. Talk or no talk, I'd make him repent the day he tried to fool Carline."

"Don't put yourself out. The Ensign won't show his face again in a hurry at Ardlaw, nor his Colonel neither. He rode down to tell me he had given Mrs. Ludham a hint of what was going on, and arranged the young man should not come back while the regiment stopped in Belfast. We put up his horse, and he looked over the place, and made as though he had a notion of buying one of the colts; and he went round the garden, and seemed pleased to see damsons again, and I asked him if he could eat a mouthful of cheese and some good oatcake, and he said yes, and had that and a jugful of milk, and sat a long time talking most agreeably. I declare he took me in, if ever a man did. I had not a notion of what he was waiting for till he said, 'I hope Miss Carline is quite well.' I answered that she was; and then I just laughed in his face, and told him she wasn't at home, and that if she was he shouldn't see her."

"I didn't get rid of the Ensign to be bothered with the Colonel," I remarked. "I couldn't write to your mother if you've got one; and who would I apply to to give you leave of absence?"

"You never saw a man so taken aback in your life. He tried to make light of my notion, but it was the right one. He didn't stop long after that, and he never said another word about the colt; and I haven't heard a syllable from him from that day to this."

With a muttered oath, Gorman Muir sprang from his chair, plunged his hands fiercely in his pockets, and commenced walking up and down the room.

"Man alive!" exclaimed his father, who had only the vaguest idea as to what was the matter, "you can put on an awful look. Don't bend your brows and set your mouth like that. The Evil One himself could scarce have a worse cast of countenance than you at this minute."

"The Evil One himself could scarce feel worse than I do at this minute," retorted Gorman, with a sudden gust of fury. Mr. Muir deemed it best "to let blow by" ere adventuring upon any other topic of conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

Carrying a bouquet of hot-house flowers in one hand, and a fancy basket filled with autumn fruit in the other, Mrs. Boyle entered the only sitting-room Clear Stream Cottage boasted, where Berna sat sewing diligently. At sight of her mother the girl rose, and placing both bouquet and basket on the table, would have assisted to remove shawl and bonnet, but that Mrs. Boyle waved her impatiently back.

"Can't you let me alone?" she inquired. "Don't you see I've hardly a leg left to stand on. I must rest myself before I take off my things. It is a drag from that railway station—if ever there was an out-of-the-way place, it's this. Richard Vince needn't have been afraid of meeting me in Belfast often when it's a day's journey to the train from here before a body has walked a step in the town. I'm just fit to drop off my feet, having to carry such a burden all along that dusty road, and hold my dress up into the bargain."

"I am so sorry. If I had only known which train you were likely to come by I would have met you, mamma," said Berna.

"Yes; and it was so likely a thing I'd know the train I could come by," answered Mrs. Boyle, with a pettish impatience by which her daughter knew too well things had not been going quite to her mind. "If you'd been like any other girl, I needn't have gone by myself, or travelled back by myself; but it's well seen who you take after. Not me, I'm very sure. It's no wonder the Pirms think little of me when my own child won't visit my friends."

"They have given you some beautiful flowers," remarked Berna, bending over the bunch, and touching the buds tenderly.

"That's only to show that they have got such things, and to break my heart thinking of what good-fortune falls to other people and nothing but ill-luck to me! Though they have their carriages and their horses, they couldn't offer to drive me home; and not a word about my stopping for dinner and stay over the night, as I made up my mind to do, if for nothing but to oblige them. It's a hard world, Berna; and, maybe, you're just as wise to keep out of it. Mr. Pirm did let drop a word hoping you would go to a dance there; but I threw cold water on the notion. I said, if you didn't go to my own cousin's at Craigvallen, it wasn't over and above likely you'd go to them. I know that cut Mrs. Pirm, for she'd give anything if she could only get asked to Richard's."

Berna made no comment; she only moved back to her seat, and would have resumed her work if Mrs. Boyle had not interposed—

"What are you sewing now? Can't you leave off for even a minute, when you know how it tries me to see you stitch—stitch—stitching, as if you had to earn your bread by your needle? I can't talk a bit while you keep on with that seam, and my heart just bursting with vexation. They've set up a butler and footman, if you please; and everything is as genteel and precise as if they were lords and ladies. It's enough to make anybody laugh! Many's the time I've seen Mrs. Pirm's old aunt hanging out the clothes—and a beautiful colour she kept them, I'll say that for her. Poor old girl! it would put the surprise on her if she could come back and see the house, fit for any nobleman, her niece has got into now."

"Had I not better put those flowers into water?" suggested Berna.

"The—flowers—can—wait," said Mrs. Boyle, with a drawling intonation peculiarly aggravating; "considering the time they have been on the road here, and the heat of my hand, a few minutes more can't hurt them; and, indeed, I was in two minds to throw the things away as I came along, I felt so angry when I thought of the distant way the Pirms treated me. Mrs. Pirm told me the best story, though, I've heard this many a day, and all about Mrs. Vince. Ah! it's no wonder she tries to be civil to me, considering she owes everything she has in the world to my own cousin. It's a poor way she'd have been in this day if it hadn't been for Richard Vince."

"I think Mr. Vince was very fortunate to meet with so nice a wife."

"I'm not so sure of that; by what I understand, he might have had the pick of the North of Ireland. It's wonderfully gratifying to hear how much he is respected, and the heaps of money he has got, and the grand people he knows, and you may be very sure I didn't open my mouth and tell Mrs. Pirm he wouldn't look at the side of the street I was on if he could help it. I made her think they were fairly crazy to get us to Craigvallen, and that it was only our pride wouldn't let us go there constantly."

For the second time Berna took up her work, but, remembering her mother's objection, laid it down again.

"What was I wanting to tell you? What was I saying? You've put it clean out of my head. What in the world could it be?"

"Something about Mrs. Vince."

"To be sure; how could I forget? You would never guess the way she got to be mistress of Craigvallen."

"No; I cannot guess," said Berna.

"Well, it's just a proof of the things people will do for money—and people that have held their heads high enough too. Why in the County Antrim there wasn't a family thought more of themselves than the Carpenters of Cherryfield. There were not wanting those that said the first of the name had risen from low enough; but every family must have a beginning, as it mostly has an end, and the Carpenters were grand enough when I first remember them, I can tell you that."

"One has only to hear Mrs. Vince speak to be sure of that," agreed Berna.

"Sure of it? Yes; you might be sure of it if you'd never set eyes on Mrs. Vince. I'm not in the habit of telling you anything but what's sacred truth, and after living all my life in the best of society I wouldn't need an ignorant slip of a girl like you to instruct me in speaking."

"I never thought of doing anything of the kind," said the "ignorant slip," appalled.

"See you don't, then. I never was one that had much liking for being bidden, and I am not going to begin now. Well, as I was remarking, in all our part of the country the Carpenters were allowed to be the grandest people out. There was nothing they stood still for—carriages and dress, and governesses and masters, and servants, and I couldn't tell you what all. Many's the time when I was a young child, about three years old, I have seen Miss Marcella—that's Mrs. Vince, you know—galloping past my father's house on her pony with her sisters—they were older than her, you understand. She used to wear a blue habit and a cap, like a boy's, and you'd have heard them all laughing as they went tearing across the commons like mad things. I wonder if Richard ever thinks now of how they used to splash him as they rode by. I have heard him swear against them awful, though you would think, to look at him, a bad word had never passed his lips."

"And how did they lose their money?" asked Berna, who, while conversing with her mother, was always searching about for six inches of safe ground to stand upon, and always somehow slipping into water.

"How did they lose it? I declare you're enough to drive anybody mad. If I've told you once I've told you a hundred times the way Theophilus Carpenter squandered his substance. He bet on races; he would go to London and lose as much over a game of cards in one night as would have kept a moderate family for a year. He had his hunters and his hacks, and the house full of extravagant company, and wine such as my father often said the King needn't have been ashamed to set before his Lords, temporal and spiritual; and if ever anybody ought to have known about spirits, it was my father—he rarely went to bed a night of his life sober."

Mrs. Boyle paused a moment in ecstatic contemplation of her parent's virtues ere she resumed.

"The extravagance of that house, he used to say, might have made a bald man's hair stand on end. And so things went on and on and on, till at the last there came a crash. It was one night when they were playing cards, a private note came to Mr. Carpenter, and he asked some gentleman to take his hand for him while he sent an answer. Well, my dear, nobody in that room ever set eyes on him again. What does he do but start away without even a change of linen, and get himself clean off to France. He never came back. In a minute the whole of the glory of Cherryfield was snuffed out, like the wick of a candle. The bailiffs went into the house, and the family left it. For a while Mrs. Carpenter and her daughters lived among their friends, but they soon tired them out. One girl was glad enough to marry a poor curate she had turned up her nose at when she could look at nothing lower than marquises and baronets; another was taken out to India by some great lady they had influence with; a third died. I don't know what was done for the sons, but they were draughted off abroad; and so, to cut a long story short, at last, they all dwindle down to this Marcella, who stopped with her mother on a trifle of money that was scraped somehow together out of the estate."

"Well, mamma?" inquired Berna, really interested in a story which possessed some family features in common with her own.

"Well!—what do you mean by *well*? I never heard anybody like you. I dare say Marcella thought it ill enough when the old lady died, and she was left with little more than the clothes she stood up in."

"It was very hard," murmured Berna.

"I make no doubt she thought so; but it wasn't any harder for her than it has been since for other people. Remembering her own troubles, anybody might have concluded she'd have had some feeling for mine. It seems she tried and tried to get something to do. Mrs. Pirm did say she heard she went as a nursery governess, but she couldn't be just sure; and she might have gone out as nurse next if she had not bethought her of my cousin Richard. One fine morning she knocks at his door and asks to see him. You may be sure she had put on her best manners as well as her best gown. He was at his breakfast, and, not to seem high, he told the servant to show her in; and as he couldn't just forget, low as she had come down, that he was talking to Miss Carpenter, once upon a time of Cherryfield, he made her take a chair, and poured her out some tea, and made as much of her as though she was Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. At last the mischief was revealed. She wanted a situation as housekeeper; could he tell her of anyone needing such a thing, and would he recommend her? He thought awhile, and said, 'Yes, if she wished, he would try to forward her views; but,' he went on, 'I think you might do better.'"

"In what way?" she asked, as if she hadn't a notion of his meaning."

"Why, come and keep house for me," he made answer. And then in so many words he said would she be his wife? And the upshot of the matter was that three months after they were married, and all the country-side was at the wedding; and who so grand and affable as Mrs. Richard Vince, and who so proud as the man who had let himself be caught so nicely?"

"I don't believe the story, mamma," declared Berna, indignantly. "Mrs. Pirm must be mistaken."

"I believe it, then; and that's enough. Things are coming to something, I'm sure, when children fly in the face of their parents, and settle what's to be said and what's to be told. You wait till Mrs. Vince comes out here next, and I'll give her a sly hint I know all about how she got my cousin. I know the way I'll do it."

"You never shall have the chance of doing it," thought Berna; but she made no comment. She only took up her work this time, with the firm intention of getting on with that seam, which, if left to Mrs. Boyle's idle fingers, would never have been finished.

(To be continued.)

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

The key to this month's instalment of "The Giant's Robe" in the *Cornhill Magazine* is sufficiently given by the clever initial letter, representing a diabolical cat playing with a wretched mouse, symbolising the unfortunate Mark. Poor Mark's endeavours to justify his ill-gotten fame with a novel, really his own, is described with much humour. "The Professor and the Harpy" leaves us with a strong feeling of pity for the poor woman who enacts the latter unamiable part, but is yet, like one of Bret Harte's women, a strange compound of depravity and nobleness. There is nothing else of much account in the number, except the conclusion of Mr. Payn's pleasant recollections of Miss Martineau, which will do for her what she so signally failed in doing for herself.

The principal features of the *English Illustrated Magazine* are an engraving of Rossetti's "Loving Cup," and the commencement of Mr. Besant's new novel, "Julia," which promises to be fully worthy of this spirited writer, and the scene of which, like that of so many of his recent novels, is laid at the East-End. The engraving is, on the whole, satisfactory, save that the fairness of the lady is turned into shadow, which gives a wrong idea of the colouring. The pleasant style in which Mrs. Craik recounts her trip to Cornwall lends interest to somewhat commonplace experiences. The illustrations are excellent, as are also those by which Mr. Furness so cleverly helps us to comprehend the complicated organisation of the Post Office.

The most important article in *Macmillan* is a vigorously reasoned argument against the federation of the British colonies by Mr. John Morley, who sees all sorts of lions in the path: the most interesting, a charming account of the Swiss mystic Amiel, a man who over-thought himself. Mr. Gosse's criticism on the winter exhibitions contains a very interesting sketch of Poole; and Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son" is as powerful as ever.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Madam" in *Longman's Magazine* may also be enumerated among her powerful fictions, but not among her agreeable ones. The most remarkable contribution to the number is Mr. Richard Jefferies' speculations as to the results of the enlarged county franchise, which he believes and hopes will tend to restore local self-government in villages. "The Lively Fancy" is an amusing story; and "Virgil and Agriculture in Tuscany," a very charming sketch.

The most prominent position in *Blackwood* is assigned to the "New Phœdo" of the late G. H. Lewes, a philosophical dialogue on the trustworthiness of consciousness and "the physical hypothesis of the soul." Readers untrained in metaphysics will turn with relief to the English lady's "Ride Across Spanish Honduras," which is continued with undiminished spirit and graphic power. Nothing can be more racy than our countrywoman's report of the dialogue among the natives who wanted to sell her a side-saddle, conducted in blissful unconsciousness of her understanding every word, unless it be her adventure with the vicious mule. "The Brigand's Bride" is a most effective mixture of the tragical and the comical. We concur with the reviewer of Sir Theodore Martin's life of Lord Lyndhurst that Sir Theodore has wiped off most of the mud thrown by Lord Campbell; nevertheless Lyndhurst by no means produces upon us the impression of a high-minded politician.

The more solid reviews are all below the usual mark this month. "Liberal and Conservative Finance," by Sir John Lubbock, in the *Fortnightly Review*, is an able party manifesto, but inevitably unattractive; and another able paper, Mr. T. C. Plowden's sketch of the political condition of Turkish Arabia, is also very difficult to follow. M. Colani pleads hard for the maintenance of the Anglo-French alliance, but throws no light on the all-important question whether his countrymen will cordially recognise the English protectorate in Egypt. Colonel St. Leger Herbert, treating of English colonial policy, makes the practical suggestion that colonial matters should be partly managed by an advisory council composed of statesmen selected from both political parties, to prevent subjects on which there is little real difference of opinion from becoming mere party questions.

The only important contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* is one whose subject removes it from our criticism, Cardinal Newman's essay on the Inspiration of Scripture. We merely note a tendency on his Eminence's part to minimise infallibility. Professor Huxley argues earnestly for more attention to scientific training before the commencement of the strictly professional part of a medical education. Mr. Fowler pleads with all an engineer's warmth for the construction of railways in the wheat-growing districts of India. Mr. Lagden's account of his walk to Coomassie is highly picturesque, though he found Coomassie itself "a large, ill-built, ill-regulated town, overgrown with weeds and grass."

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who objects to all Governmental interference beyond the bare protection of life and property, admonishes modern Liberals in the *Contemporary Review* that by their sanction of compulsory legislation of various kinds they are becoming Tories. Foremost among such measures is the Irish Land Act, the necessity for which Mr. O'Connor Morris demonstrates, while he evidently deplores, that it should have been conceded as a sop to disaffection before agitation had been completely put down. Mr. Slagg's onslaught on the Council of India shows that the old Manchester sorenss on Indian government subsists with undiminished acerbity, while his alleged reasons are so weak that they cannot be the real ones. The most remarkable of the other contributions is Miss Jennie Young's paper on "Pottery, Old and New," with its vigorous denunciation of copying and secondhand art. The only original schools of modern pottery, it is declared, are those of France and England.

The redeeming points in an almost exclusively political and not generally very interesting number of the *National Review* are Miss Mathilde Blind's fine essay on Tristram and Iseult; and Mr. Courthope's acute criticism on Mr. Matthew Arnold's religious views in his dialogue, "The Two Lucians."

Harper is very good this month. "Judith Shakespeare" promises to rank among Mr. Black's best works. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "David Poindexter's Disappearance" is a good story of its class; and "Glimpses of Emerson" conveys a life-like portrait of the sage, with characteristic specimens of his sayings. The Upper Thaines and Mentone are charmingly illustrated—the latter by an English artist, Mr. T. H. Thomas. The *Century* has very fine engravings of General Sheridan and Keats's life-mask, with appropriate letterpress; also an essay on Dante by Christina Rossetti; another on Lear, by Signor Salvini, justifying his conception of the character; and a lively picture of American town life, in a new novel, entitled "The Average Man." We wish we could praise the *Atlantic Monthly*, once so excellent.

The chief attraction in *Temple Bar* is "Peril," which retains all its interest. There is also a good biographical paper on the flighty but interesting Lady Edward Fitzgerald; and a notice of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the best poet yet produced by Australia, a spirited writer of ballads, whose life, wild and careless as his compositions, was terminated by suicide.

"Philistia," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is a decidedly bright and attractive novel. Miss Zimmern's paper on Signor Salvini is both able and seasonable, and is particularly noticeable for the Italian actor's views on the proper representation of Othello. Mr. Philip Robinson's gossip on bears and wolves in *Belgravia* is entertaining; and there is power, if immaturity, in Mr. Speight's tale of "The Green Phial." In *London Society* we remark the continuation of Mr. Wilkie Collins's fiction, and a pretty story entitled "Olga's Valentine."

NOVELS.

The prevailing fashion of writing novels with an eye towards dramatisation, and of dramatising them before they are published, leads almost inevitably to the tendency which is conspicuous in *Annan Water*, by Robert Buchanan (Chatto and Windus); so that the author has the footlights constantly before his mental vision, and sacrifices the art of simple story-telling for the sake of producing theatrical effects. This tendency is sufficient to account for some of the scenes which occur in the novel under consideration, and which, though they may bring down the house, especially the unrefined majority of it, when they are represented upon the stage, are too violent, too coarse, too melodramatic—and, indeed, too inconsistent with the general tone of the novel—to make the reader feel altogether happy and contented. The reader will feel inclined to resent the introduction of vulgar vice and sordid villainy into the charming, poetical, idyllic life which is led for a while by the dear old Scottish "meenister," his servant and friend the humorous Scottish sexton, the lovely and lovable Marjorie Annan, the faithful Johnny Sutherland and his blind but gifted and picturesque old father the weaver, the mysterious great "leddy," Miss Hetherington, a sort of half-gracious, half-malignant, and wholly inscrutable fairy, and, for a while, however out of place, the handsome young Frenchman, the teacher of languages. Nor is this young Frenchman, it shall be remarked by the way, the kind of lover, as many readers will think, who would have had the slightest chance with so unsophisticated a nature as that of Marjorie Annan; nor are his stagey airs and graces, as many readers again will think, the kind of artillery that would have made the least impression upon so genuine a heart as hers. And the idea that so ingenuous, so grateful, so generous, so homely, so unadventurous a young maiden would, on so light a pretext, enter into a clandestine engagement and consent to a heartless elopement, is not to be entertained, if psychological probabilities are to go for anything. It was no case of Desdemona and Othello; the persons and the circumstances were altogether different. However, it cannot be denied that the most unlikely elopements do take place in real life; and, moreover, the author had to transport his heroine, by hook or crook, to Paris, in order that he might show into what scrapes our countrywomen may be led by ignorance or disregard of the French marriage laws, and might incidentally illustrate the noble work which is carried on by an English lady in the said city for the alleviation of misery caused by the said ignorance or disregard, or by similar or dissimilar want of knowledge or discretion. One thing is quite certain: the author, whether he be right or wrong in his conception and development of character, has written a story which, whatever may be its weak points, is full of beauty, power, tenderness, and humour, and is well worth reading, though the promise of the earlier portions may not be fulfilled in the later.

Novelists make as light of anachronisms as the late Charles Lever's heroes used to make of their many impossibilities; but the chronological difficulty which gives the reader pause in the first few pages of *Sweet Mace*: by G. Manville Fenn (Chapman and Hall), is capable of an easy, though perhaps an incorrect, explanation. Twice within the first two pages we are informed that the date of the story is "two hundred and fifty years ago," which, of course, would be the year 1634, when King James I., according to all the authorities, had been some nine years in his grave, and yet at the forty-fifth page we encounter a "noble gentleman" who comes as a messenger from "his Gracious Majesty King James." This, of course, could not have been King James the Second any more than King James the First; but that he is meant for the latter is evident from the same page, where mention is made of him as the creator of baronetcies, and from many other pages where many of his peculiarities are alluded to, especially from the fifty-sixth page, where he is described by an irate and insolent subject as "a porridge-eating, witch-hunting old fool." Now, if we suppose that the author has kept his novel "bottled up," as the late Anthony Trollope might have done, for ten or a dozen years, and ultimately forgot to make the necessary chronological alterations, all becomes plain sailing. At any rate, it was when "the wisest fool in Christendom" was jolling on the English throne, whether we call it two hundred and fifty or two hundred and sixty or more years ago, that "Sweet Mace"—which is "pretty virginities," and neither a spice nor a flower (of which the other name is meadow-sweet, and which grew abundantly in the neighbourhood where the fair maiden was born)—loved a bold captain of buccaneers, a remnant of Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated expedition, and was loved not only by him but also by a gallant of the Court, who at the same time made a pretence of loving another fair lady, of higher rank than that of "Sweet Mace," while the fair lady herself was inclined to take a fancy to anybody worth having of the other sex, especially to the bold captain of buccaneers. Hence a complex state of affairs, out of which a skilful author might weave a most interesting, intricate, exciting romance. Not quite so much is made of the occasion, perhaps, as was to be expected; but with the help of a witch, a snake-charmer, two clergymen of different persuasions, smugglers' caves, single combats, explosions of gunpowder, general riots, kisses exchanged at mulioned windows, and "Sweet Mace" driven out of her five wits by an accident, restored to them again in a simple but miraculous manner, and confirmed in them by a seasonable and reasonable touch of the lips, a great deal is done to keep the reader alive and entertained. So much drawing of swords and slashing about is seldom seen in modern novels, but the bloodshed is by no means in proportion to the sword-play. The author displays many good gifts, he describes well and narrates well; perhaps he rather "overdoes it," and his representation of the age which he is supposed to depict seems to lack truthfulness of colour, spirit, and diction, or at any rate that magic power which brings the past to very life again.

The annual meeting of the friends of the Newspaper Press Fund will be held on the 23rd inst.; and the annual dinner is fixed for May 17—the Marquis of Lorne in the chair.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain J. Grossi, of the Italian ship *Emma C.*, of Genoa, in recognition of his humanity and kindness in rescuing the crews of the British ships *St. Andrew's Castle* and *Galatea*, which foundered through collision with each other in the Bay of Biscay on Nov. 15 last.

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO.

All English visitors to Egypt are acquainted with this establishment in the city of Cairo. It is situated in the Ezbekieh quarter, which is quite modern and second-rate Parisian in style, or perhaps third rate, having a Frenchified provincial aspect, with its square of garden and shrubbery, not much fresh verdure, its foreign hotels, restaurants, cafés, kiosques, theatre and opera-house, concert-rooms, billiard-rooms, and cigar-shops. This famous hotel, to quote Mr. Broadley's description, "consists of a rambling and somewhat ruinous two-storyed mansion, on the left-hand side of the street leading from the railway station to the centre of the city. Its spacious rooms surround a quadrangle, and the garden in which it stands is shaded by luxuriant palm-trees and refreshing green creepers. A short flight of steps leads you from the street into a broad and cool roofed verandah, paved with marble, into which opens the principal entrance, leading to the refreshment-bar and dining-rooms. Its steps are a limit which the clamorous donkey-boys and pedlars in the street below hardly dare to pass. The verandah of Shepheard's Hotel is something more than an ordinary lounge or pleasant site of Oriental *dolce far niente*: it is an Egyptian institution. When we hear in London that 'European opinion in Cairo is deeply moved,' that 'European opinion approves,' or that 'Anglo-Egyptian sensitiveness is outraged,' we should know that the inmates of the balcony at Shepheard's Hotel have spoken. The varied forms of easy-chair which fill that coolest of cool verandas are intimately connected with the past, present, and future of Egypt. Never, I think, in the whole history of Shepheard's, was its balcony fuller or more animated than on the night of Oct. 18, 1882. The bar within was crowded with junior members of the army of occupation; while outside, in the short autumn twilight, sat Baker Pasha, who had just arrived from Constantinople to control, for a time, the brand-new Egyptian army, Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Cameron, representative of the *Standard*, Colonel Syng, and many other men of note and mark. There was but one subject of discussion that evening: was Arabi to have European counsel? An enormous majority answered loudly in the negative, for Arabi had few friends. The balcony of Shepheard's Hotel almost unanimously vetoed the proposal; and, as a matter of course, the telegraphic echo in London declared that 'European public opinion in Egypt was strongly adverse to any inconvenient innovation of the kind.' One of Arabi's most prominent foes in the nightly senate at Shepheard's was, I remember, a German military officer attached to the English staff, who was particularly conspicuous on account of the number of decorations he usually wore. He never ceased to dwell on the absolute necessity of a short shrift for all our prisoners of war, and, more than all, for Arabi. I am not sure that his advice on the subject was altogether disinterested, but I am rejoiced to say he bet Mr. Eve a sovereign that he would never see his client—and lost it. I was glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Cameron of the *Standard*, who had managed to see Egyptian things through purely English spectacles, and was almost the first to dissent from the general cry for blood and vengeance. He left Cairo next day for Europe, and has since distinguished himself in Madagascar and China. I cannot forget that it was Mr. Cameron who spoke to me the only words of encouragement I heard that evening, among the various exponents of the *haute politique Egyptienne* in the crowded verandah of Shepheard's Hotel." Such were Mr. Broadley's first impressions, on his arrival in Egypt, with the Hon. Mark Napier as junior counsel, and with Mr. Eve, the solicitor, appointed to defend Arabi before the Egyptian court-martial. We know that Sir Edward Malet, and Lord Dufferin at a later period, acting for her Majesty's Government, insisted upon allowing the Egyptian popular leader a fair trial; and that the result, on Dec. 3, was his virtual acquittal of all the most heinous charges against him, finding him guilty of simple rebellion, for which he was honourably exiled to Ceylon. The rash and reckless political gossips at Shepheard's Hotel would have denied him an opportunity of defence, and would have got him hanged—a man who had voluntarily surrendered, as prisoner of war, to the commander of the British Army in Egypt. Mr. Broadley's narrative, "How we Defended Arabi," recently published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is a volume full of interesting details, and its perusal will undeceive many English readers whose minds were prejudiced by false representations eighteen months ago. He relates how, on the day after his arrival, having obtained permission to defend his client, he had the satisfaction of returning to the hotel balcony and giving this news to the gentlemen there assembled. With regard to this hotel, we are further informed that "Shepheard's saw its brightest days when Cairo was the half-way house for open-handed Anglo-Indian travellers, who were ever crossing to and fro between Alexandria and Suez, and from Suez to Alexandria. It was burned down some seventeen years since, but soon rose again from its ashes. The original founders of Shepheard's are now almost forgotten; its actual proprietor, Herr Zech, resides in Europe, but his agents, Mr. Grosse and Signor Luigi, minister most efficiently to the wants of its guests." There is another Shepheard's Hotel at Suez.

Messrs. Sutton and Sons' "Culture of Vegetables and Flowers," published by Hamilton Adams, is at once a practical and a scientific handbook to garden cultivation.

Messrs. Whittaker and Co. publish the forty-fourth consecutive issue of "Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," containing special information, which makes it unique among the publications with which it competes.

Messrs. A. H. Baily and Co. issue the thirty-sixth edition of "Who's Who?"—a most useful little work. While there has been no variation in its main features, some of its subdivisions have undergone considerable expansion.

The edition of the "Royal Blue Book" for the present year, published by Messrs. Gardiner and Son, comprising the usual directory of society and Parliamentary guide, has attained the sixty-second year of publication.

A fourth series, handsomely bound, of Messrs. Cassell's charming serial, "English Wild Flowers," comprises numerous plates beautifully coloured from nature. Mr. Edward Hulme has furnished, as before, a chapter of popular description and a scientific summary.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week, a report was brought up by the Finance Committee, recommending that the application of the School Board for a further loan of £200,000 for providing and enlarging school-houses be complied with. This was approved.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, presided last Saturday evening at the sixteenth annual dinner in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary. The Lord Mayor gave the health of the chairman; who, in the course of his reply (in English) said that he had determined, in coming to England, to use his utmost powers to maintain and increase cordial good feeling between France and England. Mr. E. Rimmel, honorary secretary to the fund, stated that during the year 316 in-patients and 6996 out-patients had been relieved. Subscriptions to the amount of £2000 were announced.



R. Colton Woodville

OBITUARY.

SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, BART.

Sir Richard Mostyn Lewis Williams-Bulkeley, eleventh Baronet, of Penrhyn, in the county of Carnarvon, died on the 27th ult., at Baron Hill, Beaumaris. He was born May 20, 1833, the eldest son of Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams-Bulkeley, tenth Baronet, who assumed by Royal license, in 1827, the surname of Bulkeley on succeeding to the property of Viscount Bulkeley. The late Baronet's mother was Maria Frances, only daughter of Sir Thomas Stanley-Massey-Stanley, Bart., of Hooton. Sir Richard, after passing through Eton, entered the Royal Horse Guards, from which he retired as Captain in 1865. He succeeded his father in 1875, and served the office of High Sheriff of Anglesey in 1877. He married, first, May 18, 1857, Mary Emily, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Bingham Baring; and secondly, Aug. 13, 1866, Margaret Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Colonel Peers Williams, of Temple House, Berks, M.P. By the former he leaves a son, now Sir Richard Henry Williams-Bulkeley, twelfth Baronet, born in 1862. The very eminent family of Williams, of Penrhyn, of which the deceased Baronet was the descendant, is one of the most ancient and distinguished in Wales.

SIR EDWARD HAY DRUMMOND-HAY.

Sir Edward Hay Drummond-Hay, late Governor of St. Helena, died on the 24th ult., aged sixty-eight. He was born March 4, 1815, the eldest son of Edward William Auriol Drummond Hay, Consul-General for Morocco, whose father, Edward Auriol Drummond, D.D., was brother of the ninth Earl of Kinnoull. Sir Edward entered the Colonial Office in 1834, was appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands in 1839, made Lieutenant-Governor of St. Kitts in 1850, and transferred to St. Helena in 1855. He retired in 1863. In 1859 he had received knighthood. He married, first, in 1838, Sarah Laura, daughter of Colonel Livingston, H.E.I.C.S.; and secondly, in 1869, Alice, daughter of Mr. Edward Watts, of Hythe. By the former he leaves one surviving son, the Rev. Frederick Drummond Hay, Vicar of Rolleston, Notts.

MR. PARKER, C.B.

Mr. John Henry Parker, C.B., F.S.A., Hon. M.A. Oxford, the learned archaeologist, whose death is announced, was son of Mr. John Parker, of London, merchant, was born in 1806, and educated at Chiswick. In 1821 he commenced business as a bookseller, and in about ten years after succeeded his uncle, Mr. Joseph Parker, at Oxford. His principal works were "A Glossary of Architecture," an "Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture," "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages," and "The Archaeology of Rome." The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1871. Mr. Parker was Vice-President of the Oxford Architectural Society. He married Frances, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Hoskyns, D.D.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Brittain, a well-known botanist and skilful whistplayer, at Urmston, in Lancashire.

Mr. James Hardy Wrigley, of Sandown, Southport, Lancashire, J.P. and D.L., on the 30th ult., in his eighty-eighth year.

Admiral Francis Vere Cotton, somewhat suddenly, at his residence, Allport, Whitchurch, on the 30th ult., in his eighty-fifth year.

Dr. Barclay, late Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire, on the 1st inst. He was born in Glasgow in January, 1799, and appointed Substitute of the western district of the county in 1829, and of Perthshire in 1833.

The Venerable George Warlow, Archdeacon of Madras, on the 26th ult., at Madras. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, taking his Bachelor's degree as junior optime in 1860. He was admitted into priest's orders in 1861, and was nominated to the archdeaconry of Madras in 1881.

Mr. William Ince Anderton, of Euxton Hall, Lancashire, J.P. and D.L., representative of a branch of the old family of Anderton, of Anderton, on the 24th ult., aged fifty-nine. His first wife, Lady Emma Anderton, was daughter of Arthur James, ninth Earl of Fingall, K.P.

Admiral Francis Vere Cotton, seventh son of Mr. Henry Calveley Cotton, uncle of Field-Marshall Sir Stapleton Cotton, G.C.B., the famous General in the Peninsular War, afterwards Viscount Combermere, on the 27th ult. He was born in 1799, and entered the Navy in 1814.

Mr. Henry John Pye, of Clifton Hall, county Stafford, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1840, on the 27th ult., in his eighty-second year. He was son of Henry James Pye, M.P., Poet Laureate, author of "Farringdon Hill" and other poems, and was also a lineal descendant of John Hampden, the Patriot.

Mr. James Joseph Wheble, of Bulmershe Court, Berks, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1855, on the 28th ult., at his seat near Reading, aged sixty-six. He was eldest son of the late Mr. James Wheble, of Woodley Lodge, and was married to Lady Catherine St. Lawrence, daughter of the Earl of Howth, K.P.

The joint committee of the Society of Arts and the Royal College of Physicians have recommended that the award of the goblet and coin, in conformity with the provision of the late Dr. Swiney, be made in favour of Professor Sheldon Amos, M.A., for his work entitled "A Systematic View of the Science of Jurisprudence." The prize, which consists of a goblet, value £100, containing gold coin to the same amount, is presented, every fifth anniversary of Dr. Swiney's death, to the author of the best published work during the preceding five years on medical jurisprudence.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

D. A. (Dublin).—We share your admiration of No. 2073. Its difficulty is proved by the falling off in the number of correct solutions received this week.

A. K.—We have decided the point frequently. A King cannot be played to any square within the line of movement of an adverse piece, whether that piece is pinned or not.

You should not play chess with an adversary who does not know, and will not be taught, the rules of the game.

PHIL BOETROCK.—It is noted below. Thanks. We shall be glad to learn the name of the author.

A. N. (Rio de Janeiro).—Thanks; your problem shall be carefully examined.

CHESSE EDITOR *Globe* (St. John, N.B.)—We are obliged for the slips of your chess article, and shall be glad to see more of them.

J. W. A. (Clapham).—Always acceptable. It should have been acknowledged before, but it was overlooked for some time.

D. W. K. (Brighton).—Tolerably well constructed, but curiously old. Try again, and keep to unconditional mates.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED, WITH THANKS, FROM BETA AND II M PRIDEAUX.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2074 AND 2076 RECEIVED FROM AUGUST LÜCK (NICE); OF NO. 2076 FROM F. JUNTA (LORCA), CARMEN SANZ (LORCA), GEORGE PRICE (TILIS), AND ESPANOL (CARTHAGO); OF NO. 2077 FROM THOMASINA, W. HASLAM, ESPANOL, E. LOUIS, A. CHAPMAN, AND FRANK PICKERING (AGED TEN); OF NO. 2078 FROM F. KENNEY, NELLIE S. ESPANOL, I. F. M. (EDINBURGH), E. LOUIS, E. J. ROOK, CONGO, W. B. HENRY (BRIDGWATER), JENKS BROWN, AND A. C. HAINES.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2078 RECEIVED FROM H. B. ENNIS (DARLINGTON), W. HILLIER, G. W. LAW, S. LOWNDES, BEA NEVIS, JUPITER JUNIOR, Z. INGOLD, A. SCHMACKER, J. R. (EDINBURGH), H. H. NOYES, L. SHARWOOD, ERNEST SHARWOOD, L. H. JOHNSTONE, MAC (FAVERSHAM), F. KENNEY, REV. W. ANDERSON (OLD ROMNEY), AARON HARPER, E. CASELLA (PARIS), H. WARDELL, G. S. OLDFIELD, L. WYMAN, L. FALCON (ANTWERP), OSWALD, H. BLACKLOCK, ALPHA, R. D. SOUTHWELL, JUMBO, OTTO FUDLER (GENT), JOHN KEEN, JULIA SHORTHORN, D. L. KELLY, G. ARNTEE, R. J. NEES, J. M. PORTER, O'HALLORAN, JOSEPH AINSWORTH, B. B. WOOD, L. J. GREEN, T. H. HOLDREN, H. K. AWDRY, W. SOUTON, O. DARNELL, A. BRUNI, J. SARGEANT, E. P. VULLIAMY, S. BALFOUR, JAMES Pilkington, HENRY FRAZER, E. LOUDEN, A. C. HAINES, D. A. (DUBLIN), SNUKE, A. C. HUNT, F. M. (EDINBURGH), ERNEST R. LEECH, C. R. BAXTER (DUNDEE), DR. F. ST., R. H. BROOKS, AND F. G. HOWITT.

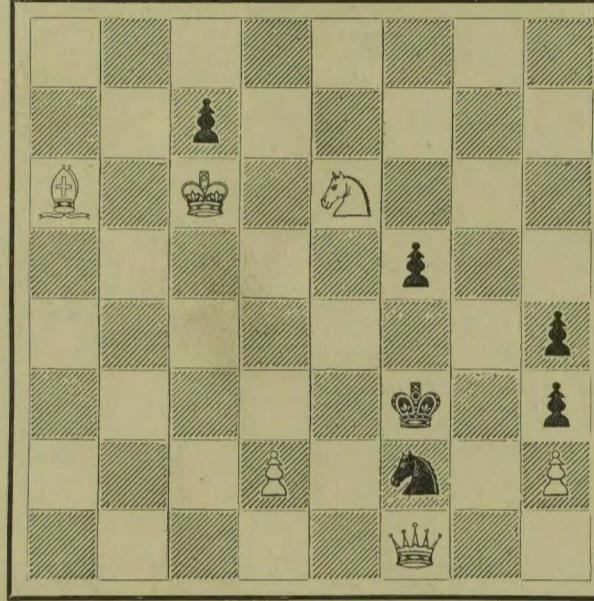
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2078.

WHITE. 1. Q to Q Kt 3rd. BLACK. Any move. 2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2081.

By M. E. PRADIGNAT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

FOR THE FOLLOWING GAME AND NOTES WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE REV. MR. SKIPWORTH. IT WAS THE DECIDING GAME, PLAYING OFF THE TIE, IN THE RECENT TOURNAMENT OF THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION, BETWEEN MESSRS. THOROLD AND FISHER.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (MR. T.)	BLACK (MR. F.)	WHITE (MR. T.)	BLACK (MR. F.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. R takes Kt	P to R 4th
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	18. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Q sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	19. P to Kt 3rd	B to Q 4th
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th	20. P to K 4th	
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd		
7. Castles	Q to B 2nd		

Certainly not a good move. He should have brought out his Kt and afterwards castled. The reader will observe that the Bishop is not played until the thirty-fourth move, and then only to be uselessly sacrificed.

8. P to Q R 4th	P to Q 4th	21. Kt to K 5th	R to R 5th
9. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	22. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	K to B sq
10. P to Q B 4th	R to Q sq	23. Q to Q 7th (ch)	
11. B takes Kt	P takes B		
12. P takes P	R takes P		
13. B to B 4th	R to R 4th		

Another ill-judged move: he has not scope there for any valid attack, and his safety is ever afterwards a source of anxiety.

14. K to K 2nd

Judiciously nursing the attack and getting all pieces into position. Young players should note here that the discovered attack on the Rook does not come for another seven moves.

14. K to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th	25. B to Q 3rd	B takes P
15. Q R to Q B sq	R to Kt sq	26. B takes B	K takes Kt
16. Kt to B 2nd	Kt takes Kt	27. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd

The best continuation, no doubt, but not so obvious, simple as the course is. After the exchange of Queens, Black is powerless either for attack or defence. This is not one of Mr. Thorold's brilliant games, but it is a very instructive one. It affords a lesson on the opening, another on development, and another on winning by simple play correctly worked out.

23. Q to Q 7th (ch)	Q takes Q	28. R to Q 2nd	R to R 5th
24. Kt takes Q	B takes P	29. R to Q 3rd (ch)	K to Kt 5th
25. P to Q 3rd	B takes P	30. R to Q 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
26. B takes B	K takes Kt	31. K R to Q sq	B to Q 3rd
27. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd	32. Q R to Q 7th (ch)	B to B sq
28. R to Q 2nd	R to R 5th	33. B to R 6th (ch),	
29. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt 5th	34. B to R 6th (ch),	
30. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to Kt sq	and Black resigns.	

Another ill-judged move: he has not scope there for any valid attack, and his safety is ever afterwards a source of anxiety.

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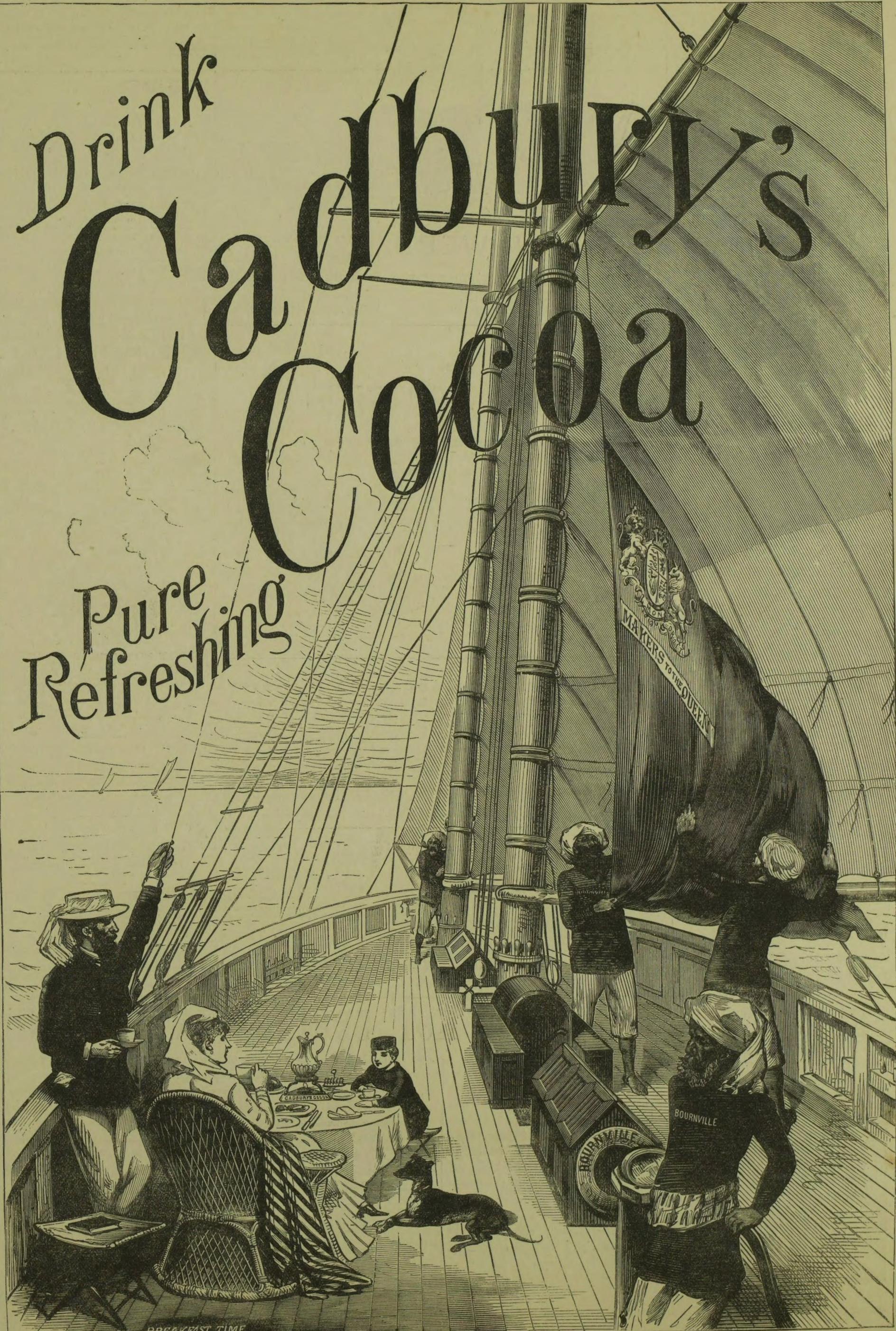
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29. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt 5th	34. B to R 6th (ch),	
30. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to Kt sq	and Black resigns.	

A correspondent in India sends us the following beautiful composition, which has been shown to him as the production of a Native teacher of chess and a Mussulman. Our correspondent does not vouch for the originality of the problem, and, although the position is new to ourselves, it certainly brings to mind the conceptions in which D'Orville, Bolton, Bone, and Angus delighted, away back in the "Forties." If it has ever been published before we feel assured we

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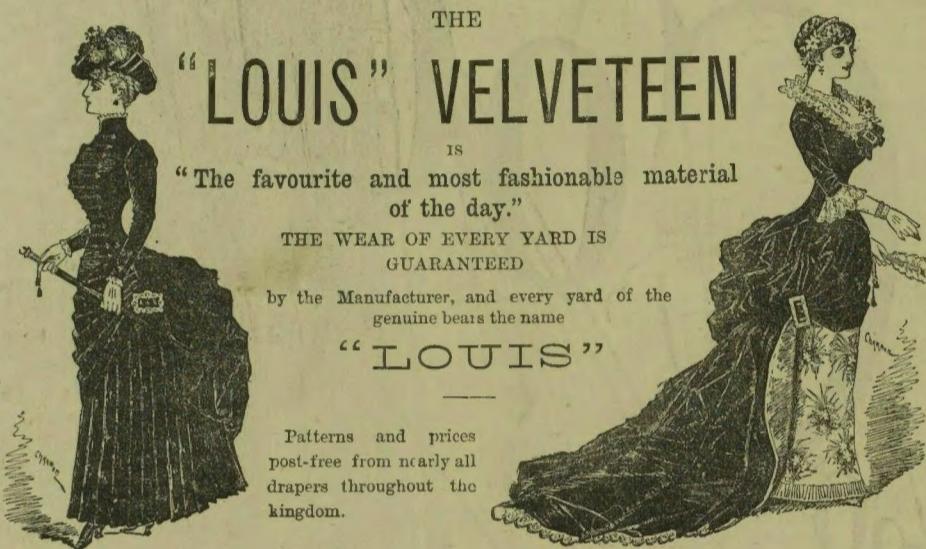
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